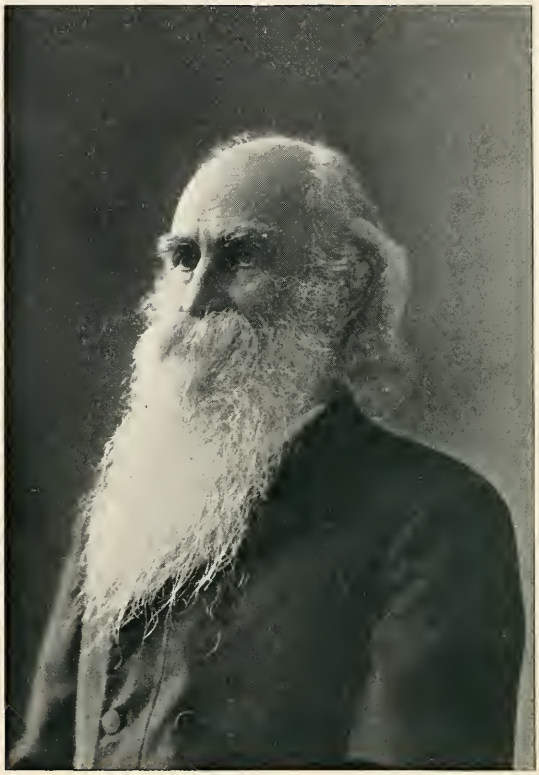
Hoke Beidler's

POEMS



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Hoke Beidler.

HOKE BEIDLER'S

POEMS

AUTHOR OF

"Lincoln, Prime Hero of the Nineteenth Century," "Homo and Homodine," and "Marstella or The Senator's Wooing."

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1903.

PRELUDE.

SOME great historian may tell
Of those who in the battle fell;

Of heroes, and the deeds of those
Who smiled to see their gallant foes;

Of empires crumbling of their weight,
Whose greatest men fell with the State;

Of savage blood and Christian gore
That stained our own dear native shore;

Of daring deeds for love of fame,
And martyrs 'mid the faggot's flame;

Of Greece, and Rome, and Cyprus, too,
The old returned to something new;

Of red volcanoes and dull quakes,
Of burning springs and boiling lakes;

PRELUDE.

Of armies trampling 'neath their feet
The law of God and right defeat;

Of massacres, of thousands slain
In torment's agonizing pain;

Of pirates reddening every sea,
Who from the wrath of justice flee;

But I shall show domestic scenes
'Mid civil war, when I in teens,

And tell of unexpected things,
That civil conflict with it brings.

DESTINY IN CONFLICT,

OR, MY SOUTHERN HOME BEFORE THE WAR.

INTRODUCTION.

MY Northern friends, you ask me where
That land of beauty lies?
Where nature lends and art adorns,
Beneath the Southern skies?

I'll answer by the route I find
Most easy to the author's mind.
Perplexed to find an easy way,
I'll write it in a Prosy Lay,

Perhaps peculiar in its style—
So read the prose and rest a while.
To read it all involves an hour—
A tired mind may often sour.

DESTINY IN CONFLICT.

Before I tell of friends, and homes,
Of legend, war, and marble tombs,
Of soldiers, prisoners, and booty,
I'll tell you of the land of beauty.



WHERE HILLS ARE CLAD IN EVERGREENS.

CANTO I.

WHERE mountain streams are rippling swift,
The Tennessee to swell,
And hurried rills in liquid song—
Strange legends try to tell;

Where cascades, rivulets and falls,
Form one majestic river,
That floated once the birch canoe,
With red man and his quiver;

Where trees, the peerless flowers grow,
To perfume earth and sky.
Where roses in December blush,
And wintry winds ne'er sigh;

WHERE HILLS ARE CLAD IN EVERGREENS.

Where birds of tropic plumage sing
From morning's early gray,
'Till hushed by midnight's darkest hour,
To wait for coming day;

Where wildness in its solitude,
By white men once unsought,—
The redman's rarest hunting ground,
When tribes each other fought;

Where hills are clad in evergreens,
Near by the sacred dell,
There in his youth, my father's sire
The lofty pine trees fell,

And built his house of fitted logs,
A mansion in its day,
And still it stands, a monument
Unfallen by decay.

For forty years the negro's home
But whitewashed all that time.
Sublime the scenes that clustered 'round
Without the scent of crime.

Each log we thought once had a song,
 Reverberating mirth.
How many slaves with pleasure said:
 "Dat wha' I gin my birth?"

Tenaciously the old folks love
 Each shingle, log, and nail;
For there they loved, with love returned,
 Whose bodies now are frail.

Around that house now fields present
 A panoramic scene,
For cotton grows domestic king
 And wheat the cereal queen.

The fleecy fiber touched by art,
 Becomes the quilted covers,
Adorns the pretty, modest bride,
 And garbs the truest lovers.

Where swift, unceasing currents wore
 The rocks by mountain side
Which left an overhanging cliff—
 'Neath red men used to hide.

WHERE HILLS ARE CLAD IN EVERGREENS.

Upon that eagle cliff still stands
My uncle's house of stone,
As beacon light, for leagues around—
In altitude alone.

And from that cliff, north, south and west,
Plateaus in richness lie—
Grand timber fringed, and picturesque,
Unfolded to the eye.

Far distant 'round our mansion home,
The land of beauty lies,
Where nature lends and art adorns,
Beneath the Southern skies.



THE JESUITIC PRIEST AND HIS LITTLE CHURCH.

CANTO II.

WHEN France was in volcanic throes,
And palsied was the crown;
When mobs and armies came to blows—
With church and State crushed down,—

Red glaring passion ruled fair France;
Religion scoffed and scorned,
A youthful Priest, in dreamy trance,
Saw virtues that adorned

Some other lands, than suffering France,
Where church and State are twain;
Then in a sober, wakeful glance
He saw the new world plain.

In haste he found an anchored ship
Bound for some Western coast:
Determined on his gallant trip
He left his Parish post.

He ventured from imperial France,
Where royalty was crowned,
To find a land where freedom loves
The Eagle tho' undowned.

Columbia's freedom wooed the youth,
It stole across the sea,
And bore him over storm and wave,
To crown him 'mong the free.

Where seven hills one summit find,
Each sloping to the east,
On kindred crown grand uncle built,
The Jesuitic Priest.

A little church of stone he built,
That time has since despoiled—
In loneliness he reigned supreme;
Ambitiously he toiled.

Each stone he laid into the wall;
The timber chopped and split.
The rafters cut, and shingles rived,
And braces sawed and fit.

The forest wove his carpet leaves,
(In nature nothing's lost),
For trees their richest foliage gave,
When colored by the frost.

The pulpit simple in design—
A walnut log on end,
The cross and Savior on it carved,
With angels to defend.

The sapling cross on Gothic roof,
The key to heaven's gate;
The wildest savage there was taught
The unbeliever's fate.

His simple mode and gentle ways,
The wildest chieftain gained,
With silver cross within his hand,
When piously explained.

How many bowed in honest faith,
Whilst others bowed to steal
That silver cross, with given powers*—
Then they for profit heal.†

In reverence the savage came
To learn of Christ and God,
And planted wigwams 'round the cross,
Upon the churchyard sod.

There God did comfort savage souls
By scores, who bowed in love,
And shouted in triumphant faith
Of hunting grounds above.

But Easter was their special day
To call upon the Lord,
Around an altar in the woods,
Who seemed of one accord.

And savage devotees received
The holy sacrament;
Those who were changed to righteousness,
And truly did repent.

And many pious pioneers
Assembled once a week,
With all their household, white and black,
To thank, and blessings seek.

His priestly counsel oft was sought
In sickness and distress,
Whose presence never failed, "They say,"
To comfort and to bless.

That little church has passed away,
The hands that built it, too;
But words there spoken yet do live
In hearts heroic true.

That working man, that holy man,
That Godlike man of love;
He finished all his work on earth,
Then went to work above.

* They thought touching the cross would heal.
† Where the Priest went to pray.

THE LANDSCAPES AROUND THE CRUMBLED EDIFICE.

A GORGEOUS WEDDING—THE BRIDE AND GROOM AND BLINDED GRANDMA.

CANTO III.

AROUND that crumbling edifice
Wild landscapes yet do vie
In native grandeur with the fields
That luxury supply.

Where cattle graze on pastures wild,
And watered by the brooks;
The deer yet hides within the brakes,
Or in retired nooks.

The cedars in the distance rise
As Lebanon's of old;
And lone, majestic cypress stand,
To shade the Shepherd's fold.

THE LANDSCAPES AROUND THE EDIFICE.

Aspiring vines climb to the top,
To crown some thorny trees,
Where grapes in luscious clusters hang,
The home of birds and bees.

'Mid living streams, birds, grass and trees,
Immortals are asleep;
Whilst granite shafts in silence stand
And vigil constant keep.

On Mount Magnolia's southern slope,
Where echoes never die,
But answer to each purling brook
And streamlets never dry;

Where sleepless waters ever sing
A requiem to the great,
Ancestral hero's sacred dust,
Who passed the Mystic Gate.

Around those kindred homes of youth
Sad recollections tell
Of highest hopes, with sorrow mourned,
That anguish can't dispel.

Existence there first took its form,
And there first tasted breath;
My body's of that soil and air,
And would return in death.

Why, there Grandma her legend told,
Prognosticating flight;
When gathered years had veiled her in
Obscurity of sight.

Her legend seemed in distance hid,
Beyond the realms of mind;
But she could see in darkness veiled,
Impressions of the blind.

Her measured words and solemn voice
Gave force to what she told;
For every negro felt her words
The future would unfold.

That grand old pious, blinded form
Was once the sweetest bride;
Majestic, graceful, plain and frank,
Whose nature knew no pride.

Her groom, athletic, strong of will,
Born for a pioneer,
Whose wealth was in a chest of tools,
But destitute of fear.

Twelve negro slaves, her bridal gift;
Six stout plantation hands;
Six sable maids for household work,
With sections of wild lands.

A thousand candles lit the house,
When two became as one,
And torches of great magnitude
Made night as noonday sun.

SONG.—THE MERRY SLAVES.

The merry negroes had their glee,
That night they were the freest free;
"As ever climbed de thorny tree,
Or sought all night to catch de flea,
Or steal de honey of de bee,
Just when de bee doz not agree,

Or when de possin, on de tree,
Was hidin' from de dog he see,
Just case de dog did loss de trail,
De possin hang upon de tail."

NEGROES' PLEASURE DAYS.

Three days the negroes had for fun,
From oldest to the youngest one;
Some had their fiddles for their joys,
Unbridled pleasure had the boys

But all were dressed in Sunday clothes,
The maids wore prints, but jeans the beaux;
And some would sing, and others danced,
Whilst o'er the lawn they skipped and
pranced.

The old folks told their wondrous stories
Of what's in store for future glories;
Young Joe, Dave, Nute and Aunty Clew
Would pray and sing among the few.

As pleasure went the rounds with them,
The happiest man of all was Clem!

But those who called upon the bride,
In sorrow turned away and cried.

A grand array of wedding guests
 Assembled for the night;
(A sweet occasion unalloyed)—
 Ecstatic with delight.

They came by horse, canoe and coach,
 And some by Indian trails;
Before the locomotive breathed,
 Or rolled on iron rails.

Her bridal robes were native goods
 Which grew upon the soil—
Where childhood learned to lisp, "Mamma,"
 And learned domestic toil.

From fairest bride to ancient wife,
 From envy she was free;
A woman of a woman's heart,
 In purity was she.

Simplicity, her elegance
Whilst charity adorned.
Unconscious good exalted her—
But fame she ever scorned.

Her mind well stored with useful lore,
(As heart was filled with good);
For seven tongues she aptly spoke,
And each she understood.

Had household arts more charms for her
Than sweeping streets with trails?
Was life too short to spend a week
In reading truthless tales?

Yes! seven sons required much,
But why three daughters more?
Why sons can ride on land or sea,
The three must walk on shore.

When silver strands had multiplied,
Her youthful flush remained;
And intuition lighted words
That mysteries explained.

Beneath magnolia's perfumed shade,
With little slaves she'd sit,
Repeating verses from the Book,
As nimble fingers knit.

As zephyrs cooled the twilight hour,
The slaves came grouping 'round;
Whilst she was rocking in her chair,
They lounged upon the ground.

Then she would raise her well-formed hands,
To stretch her fingers high,
Repeating what she oft had said:
"I'll tell before I die."

And when the oriole and thrush
Vied native tune and voice,
She'd stop to listen with her slaves,
Then smilingly rejoice.

I learned her legend as a theme,
When sitting by her chair,
Within the arbor at her feet,
When childhood knew no care.

GRANDMA'S LEGEND.

AS REPEATED BY HER TO THE SLAVES, RAISING HER HANDS AND SEPARATING HER FINGERS.

CANTO IV.

YOU count five fingers and a thumb,
Then multiply by ten;
(Count from the death of Washington),
And it shall tell you when,

"A cannon's roar shall rouse as did
The Continental bell,
And fire hearts, both North and South,
To break our peaceful spell.

"Then armies shall in freedom's name,
Go marching to the sea;
Declaring freedom to the slaves
By Northern decree.

"On mountain tops shall armies meet,
And valleys filled with gore;
Black fleets of iron shall destroy
The cities by the shore.

"On sea and land the torch shall light
The nation in one blaze;
Plantations open into graves,
And you shall see those days.

"Then whites shall lick the negro's plate
And slaves shall ballots cast,
For freedom comes to dwell awhile
And sorrow for the past."

OLD DAVE FEELS DE LEGEND COMIN'.

CANTO V.

ONE cloudless, sunny Sabbath day,
As birds did wildly soar
And chirped in flight on swiftest wings,
We heard a distant roar.

Time's mossy fingers had not touched
Her polished marble tomb,
Where she was slumbering in peace,
Within the sight of home,

Until her legend's simple rhyme
Was whispered by a slave;
"'De legend come, me feel him come,'
By gray-haired negro Dave.

His whisper as a secret grew
Among the slaves each day,
Until my father called his roll,
The twenty-first of May.

ROLL CALL.

CANTO VI.

THE sun was lingering 'neath a cloud
And seemed unusual late,
When father called his negro roll;
The clock had just struck eight.

That day the sunrise of my youth,
For father stirred each soul.
His true heroic nature spoke
Unfettered to his roll.

Each slave was dressed in Sunday garb,
As they were marching on,
To where my father stood to speak,
Upon the western lawn.

The ninety-three as statutes stood,
And formed a hollow square,
But words can ne'er portray the scene;
Let freedom stand and stare.

FATHER'S ADDRESS.

My Faithful Slaves:

You are my heritage. God and my country gave you unto me.

To protect you as slaves is my duty;

To defend you as freemen shall be my pleasure.

I am going to war! and I expect to meet heroic soldiers of the North on the field of conflict,

Where native blood shall redden every stream that pours into the ever-drinking gulf.

The North says we shall remain in the Union of States, with slavery which is too inglorious if they believe that your bondage is wrong.

Be faithful to my family in my absence.

Whatever war determine for the white man, the black man shall be protected, slave or free, by his good master.

May God help the right whatever shall be the result.

God bless our good-bye.

FATHER'S ADDRESS.

My fourteenth year its zenith crossed,
The day he bid farewell;
When kissing mother, Leaf and me—
In arms, dear sister Belle.

A burning tear fell on my cheek
When father's lips mine pressed;
It ever glistens in my mind,
But burns within my breast.

He mounted gallop Gray in haste,
Then waved his last adieu;
In rapid gait he crossed the plains
And quickly passed from view.

The gallop of his noble horse
The valley echoed clear,
Its dying sound in distance heard,
Increased the household tear.

The slaves departed for their work
In sadness; some in tears,
And broken-hearted in despair,
In revery of fears.

No master's chain weighed down their limbs,
No galling yoke oppressed;
They loved my father from a boy,
Whose kindness they confessed.



MOTHER AFTER THE LAST HORSESHOE'S ECHO DIED IN THE DISTANCE.

CANTO VII.

THEN mother called me to her side,
To tell me playtime's past.
"The earth is drinking brothers' blood,
Red war is marching fast.

"The skies have lost their azure blue,
The winds have learned to sigh,
All nature seems convulsed in fear,
And hawks affrighted fly;

"And weeping willows lowly bend,
The mighty oaks grow pale;
The hemlock wears a sallow hue,
And Pavo's feathers trail.

"To-night your father takes command
To strike for home and slave;
Our life and honor he'll protect,
Or fill an honored grave.

"To-night his sword shall strike the foe,
Kind Heaven guide his arm,
And give him strength to draw the blade,
But shield him from all harm.

"To-night your gallant father meets
To measure prow and right,
And pray the stars for him dilate
A special constant light.

"To-night two armies stand as walls
That time must crumble yet.
How many thousand each may slay,
Who oft as kindred met!"

The war, what a moral shock on thought, measured by a Christian youth who has said his prayer every night in the presence of his mother!

As I met my God in silent darkness, desiring help that I knew not where to find unless God would help, I said in devotional prayer, "God bless my dear father, if it is not wrong to fight as a soldier, bless him! If it is wrong to fight, give him victory and I shall ever praise Thee.

"If he should get killed save him in heaven.

"But do not forget my dear Ma, Leaf and little Belle and all the slaves, and I will thank Thee to-morrow night again.

"But do save my dear father.—Amen."

THE ORIENT TORCH MY DAILY GUIDE.

AFTER DREAMING ONE WHOLE NIGHT OF WAR.

CANTO VIII.

THE orient portals opened wide,
The sun rushed through in rays,
As I awoke from gory field
And martial dream displays.

I followed father through the fight
Of musketry and shell,
And heard the groans of dying men,
Who in their gore had fell.

Not all a dream I do declare,
'Twas but historic truth,
No Daniel to define each scene
Unto my dreaming youth.

But soon my dream had passed from thought,
For duty claimed my time,
Thus mind and body should perform—
In idleness there's crime.

So off I rode through cotton fields,
With heart and brain ajar,
Where shouting slaves as echoes told,
"Young massa comin' dare."

Extended hands there met my gaze,
And pressed mine to their lips,
Whilst working in the cotton field,
Uncovered to their hips.

I felt as heroes often may,
When crowned with laurels rare,
A glow of pride pass through my brain,
From honors paid me there.

In solemn prayer the ninety-three *
Invoked God's holy power;

* A negro prayer-meeting in the cotton field may be seen and heard but not described. To realize the peculiar intuitive spiritualistic combination of unlearned forces, personal presence must appreciate.

They prayed for father, peace and war,
'Neath noonday's sun an hour.

That field my academic school,
As time was flying swift;
It taught me seconds had their worth,
And each a precious gift.

Each minute then contained a day
Of richer wealth than gold;
Those little seconds do bestow
The years that life unfold.

That day all youthful pleasure stopped,
No longer I a boy,
But left all playful things behind,
And burned each childish toy.

OLD AUNTY CLEW.

CANTO IX.

OLD Aunty Clew, my father's nurse
In childhood's early dawn,
Who guarded him when nursing babe
By trundle bed and lawn—

Would ask each time the clock would strike,
"Has massa comb for me?
I's want to see himb berry much,
Is he wid General Lee?"

She said, "Her massa neber comb,
Agin to see dis slave,
He git so killed, den she must die,
Be buried in de grave.

"Me den must lebe dis cabin soon,
For mansions wid de Lord."
'Twas eighty solar rounds that cut
Her fragile vital cord.

OLD AUNTY CLEW.

To Mount Magnolia ninety-two
 In solemn order plod,
For Aunty Clew the friends all wept,
 As lowered 'neath the sod.

Her sons and daughters deeply mourned--
 Her gain was others' loss—
In death she shouted, "Ebermore,
 I holds unto de cross."



OVERSEER AT FIFTEEN.

FATHER AT RICHMOND.

CANTO X.

A CALL from Richmond came for men;
The South would never yield,
Kind mothers sent their last dear son
To death's cold crimson field.

Heroic men were at the front,
In trenches or in graves,
Whilst youngest lads remain at home
To oversee the slaves.

At fifteen years I had control
Of all plantation work,
As overseer in the field—
The purchaser and clerk.

OVERSEER AT FIFTEEN.

The slaves obeyed in pleasant mood,
No driving was required;
With firm respect I treated all
Who labored as desired.

As seven months of constant work—
And autumn days were passed,
With winter lingering on its verge,
And spring approaching fast,

A note from father came to us,
By messenger, a spy,
Which stated he was at the front,
And at the front may die.

GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

My dear Wife, Children and Household:

I am at the front; victory or death may come to-morrow.

I pray for my household every day. Be kind to all the slaves and remember me to each one. Tell uncle Joe to hold prayer-meeting often. God be our preserver.

Faithfully yours.

The spy remained for seven days,
A northern born was he,
And many were the tales he told
Of General Robert Lee.

THE LEGEND APPROACHING.

CANTO XI.

AS spring with scented verdure came,
We heard the bugle's blast
Reverberating through the hills—
Red havoc's coming fast.

We apprehended war and death,
The anxious negro, too,
For dread possessed each fleeting thought,
As frightened moments flew.

OLD NUTE'S SONG.

Old uncle Nute invented a legend song that was echoed and re-echoed from field, hilltop and cabin, day and night.

De legend now de come,
A comin', comin', come!
Five fingers and de thumb,
Is gest de berry sum,

Den multiply by ten,
Dat tell us zackly den,
To make de legend come,
Den comin', comin', come.
King Cotton den may die,
For which dis slave no cry
De legend den must come,
De comin,' comin', come,
De legend den is here,
Old darkies neber fear,
For Washington is dead
And for the darkies bled,
He bled, he bled for all,
Who bleeded as a Saul.

As golden curtains hid the sun
Which o'er the mountains hung,
A dense black cloud from heaven fell
And round our home was flung.

Between that threatening storm and night,
Ten horsemen halted by,

As foragers of Gen'ral Mc.,
The army to supply.

The little hero had command,
The quick-eyed man of steel,
Nor braver man ne'er grasped a sword,
Whose heart could others feel.

His troops the wagons loaded quick
With cotton, meat and corn,
But mother called them "Lincoln boys,"
With knitted brow of scorn.

And mother wept in bitter wrath—
Appealed to God for help;
"If this is war then let us fight,
And punish every whelp."

But forty wagons came next eve
And troops took what was left,
That starless, rainy, sleepless night,
We were of all bereft.

The soldiers as a swarm of life
Filled every cabin floor,
All seeking for something they thought,
Was held in quiet store.

Surrounded table's smoking food,
The Blue boys took in glee,
As slaves were rolling up their eyes,
And whispering, "Dar free."

Some sly old slaves would hush and give
Their loaded plates to "dem,"
And when the soldiers licked them clean,
Old darky we call Clem

Was shouting, "Bless de Lord, old Joe
De white man licks de plate,
Den glory soon must come to see
Us in dis berry State."

That was the warriors' carnival—
One Gray disguised in blue,
Participating in their glee,
Some Union soldiers knew.

THE LEGEND APPROACHING.

The gleaming torch was lurking round
 Some cabin to ignite,
And when the clock struck two we heard,
 "That's not the place to light."



WAR AND DESTRUCTION CAME.

DESOLATION OUR COMFORTER.

CANTO XII.

THE igneous torch our mansion kissed,
But left the standing wall,
A pyramid of former strength,
That did refuse to fall.

As embers of our mansion cooled,
Our slaves all rushed for camps,
We lost each horse, mule, ox and pig,
And we were left as tramps.

The old smoke-house our dwelling place,
Our dairy old cow Sheck,
The old plantation also changed
From symmetry to wreck.

The hens, too, changed their laying place,
And ducks were wild and hid,

WAR AND DESTRUCTION CAME.

The playful spotted nanny goat
Departed with her kid.

Our fields denuded, home destroyed,
With skeleton of want,
Ne'er broke our courage, less our hope,
With father at the front.

Yet eastern skies wore mellow dawn
Precursory to sun,
Peculiar harbinger of fate,
Observed by every one.

OUR SMOKE-HOUSE HOME.

CANTO XIII.

THE brick smoke-house brought holy charms,
Within its smoky walls,
For God approached in other thoughts,
Than in the mansion halls.

Between the armies North and South,
Alternate Blue and Gray,
Some lonely soldier on the march,
Came passing every day.

Two soldiers arm-in-arm one day
Came tottering to the house.
The Gray was tattered into shreds,
The Blue was nude to blouse.

They halted by the smoke-house steps,
And rapped an echoed sound,
As mother answered at the door,
Both lay upon the ground.

OUR SMOKE-HOUSE HOME.

When mother called I ran to where
Both lay in one embrace,
Whose rigid arms locked two in one,
And held them face to face.

In carnage wildest, gory storm,
They fired at each other,
But when they met in bleeding wound
Each found a long-lost brother.

They dropped as roses from one bush,
Perfection in full bloom,
The crimson red and lily white
Both equal in perfume.

Sweet nature gives each rose its blush
And variegated hue,
But soil and climate varies them
As light the vaulted blue.

Both brothers fought for what they loved
To their expiring breath,
They met as life was ebbing out,
To die a martial death.

OUR SMOKE-HOUSE HOME.

The North and South were buried there
 Unconquered both declared,
But plucked the thorn which caused the wound,
 In death the glory shared.

Then fling the stone, thou guiltless one,
 They kiss the cheek they smote,
Immortal fame is ever theirs,
 Where liberty can vote.

UNCLE JOE'S RETURN.

CANTO XIV.

NIGHT'S hollow black brought uncle Joe,
From where he made his flight,
Fatigued, the shadow of the past,
Who said, "He left de fight.

"For massa died, some told me so,
He killed de oder day,
But when de night was black as me
I's could no longer stay."

We thought his saying was some strange
And incoherent dream
Or phantom flying through his brain,
A shadow for the gleam.

But when recumbent on his couch,
In trembling accents spoke,
"I's-fraid-when-go-to-sleep-to-night,
I-neber shall-awoke."

UNCLE JOE'S RETURN.

No eye nor Bible closed that night,
Solicitude and dread
In lingering solitude entranced
Until the night had fled.

And yet we thought angelic wings
Moved softly through the air,
For some sweet, longing, wooing voice,
Our presence seemed to share.

As morning opened into day,
With hearts afflicted sore,
A mountain slide from eagle cliff
Could not surprised us more,

Than uncle Joe's deep, guttural scream—
When anguish changed to pain,
Who broke death's dagger in the heart,
Without a crimson stain.

When little Belle called him for lunch,
Death's echo from his vault,
Could not repeat the sound we heard,
When he commanded "halt."

In sobbing grief my mother knelt
Beside the bed of woe,
I plucked my sister from his arms,
Where death had anchored Joe.

But God had taken her from earth,
To lead old Joe in death.
A noble slave was he in life,
No poison in his breath.

He crushed the child he loved the most,
When dreaming of his flight,
Somnambulistic sentinel,
Upon the watch of night.

THE TOMB OF SISTER BELLE AND UNCLE JOE.

CANTO XV.

MID granite shafts I dug one grave
In which the two might dwell,
And then we wrapped each one in sheets,
Old Joe and Sister Belle.

Deep! deep! unfathomed evermore—
Mysterious distress,
No hope, nor solace left on earth—
But all's a wilderness.

Yet mother read in sobs of grief,
As sitting by the dead,
How Christ once suffered for our sins,
When on the cross He bled.

Upon the trundle bed both lay,
Enshrouded for the grave,
A little angel by the side
Of uncle Joe, the slave.

Then tenderly we raised the child—
A cortege of but three,
In solemn march we carried her,
Beneath a maple tree.

I then returned for uncle Joe,
And placed him on a sled,
And yoked old Sheck and made her drag
The chariot of the dead.

Close by the grave the chariot stopped,
With gravity I rolled
The body gently in the tomb,
The funeral bell untolled.

Poor Leaf and mother sobbed in grief,
All nature hushed around,
The robin feared to chirp a note,
The dove to coo a sound.

THE TOMB OF SISTER BELLE AND UNCLE JOE.

In mother's arms the angel slept,
 Still pressed unto her heart,
"Oh! son, this angel let me hold,
 How can I with her part!"

At eventide the child was placed
 Within the walls of clay,
Her infant spirit crowned above,
 Her body to decay.

We filled the grave with evergreens,
 Then built a mound of sod,
And as the setting sun was hid,
 The cortege homeward plod.

Our little clock ran slow that night.
 It seemed to feel our grief.
At least I felt as if time stopped
 To give us some relief.

THE NEXT MORNING WE BECAME PRISONERS OF WAR.

CANTO XVI.

A CAVALCADE came with the sun,
With orders to arrest,
Because old Joe deserted camp
And sought a place of rest.

"He's dead and buried!" we exclaimed,
"Beneath that sodded mound:"
But dig they would, and dig they did,
'Till uncle Joe was found.

Then mother, Leaf and I were held
War prisoners at home,
Because he died a civil death
And found with us a tomb.

Our home was guarded fifteen days,
For what we scarcely knew;

"A godsend," mother often said,
"There's honor in the Blue."

Our rations furnished full and free,
By guardians of grace,
And every soldier was a man
Distinguished in his place.

"Grim-visaged war," had lost his grim,
And swords were used as toys,
The bravest soldier smiled serene,
And hoary men were boys.

My sister Leaf, a witty girl,
Her words as pink perfume,
Gave pleasure to our guards and home,
A sunbeam mid the gloom.

As angels oft in dreams appear,
Sweet, holy, pure and bright,
So little Leaf appeared at home,
Her presence was delight.

But lingering hours were broke at once
To seconds of despair;
The quick-eyed hero gave command
To march at once, prepare.

Our old plantation soon became
A martial field of arms,
Hilarious they pitched their tents,
Fresh troops, from shops and farms.

Their tented constellation grew—
Though magic did create—
For three bright days the troops increased,
Recruits from every state.

The quick-eyed hero had conceived
A march down to the sea,
Would separate the Texas fields—
And stop supplies to Lee.

The army moved and so did we,
Each destiny to weave,
They wove the texture freemen wear,
From working man to *Reve.*

WE BECAME PRISONERS OF WAR.

We wove our weary way for days,
O'er hills and streamlet dales,
The stars our lighted lamps by night,
Our mattress oft was rails.

Our scanty meals were gathered fruit
From bushes and from trees,
The brooks supplied a modest share,
And so did refugees.

Until the spires of Memphis gleamed
Within our native sky—
As angel fingers beckoned us,
To hurriedly come nigh.

As we approached the tolling bells
Pealed through the heated air—
We almost halted in dismay,
In sorrow and despair.

With mother's wardrobe undefined,
From six weeks' constant wear,
In pity let us pass dear Leaf,
The vulgar turn to stare.

WE BECAME PRISONERS OF WAR.

A funeral cortege met our gaze,
With music, flag and bier,
As mother, Leaf and I in rags,
As refugees appear.

The flag was floating in a gale—
The stars like drifting gold,
The glist'ning bars were intertwined,
Within its waving fold.

Whilst clouds were hurrying through the sky
In tumult's wildest form,
Dark curtains from the zenith fell,
To veil the roaring storm.

We huddled in a group beneath
A sheltering cellar door,
A frightened dog came rushing down,
Which made a group of four.

The sheltering door I kept ajar.
When rattling thunders ceased;
Its angry peals' terrific bolts—
To vulcaniers a feast.

WE BECAME PRISONERS OF WAR.

The cellar was as dark as depth,
And too fervescent hot,
But as a harbor in a storm,
We called it Memphis Grot.

Those hours I felt that anger broods
In golden clouds on high,
And terror in deep azure lurks
Within the calmest sky.

The sun in realms of darkness hid,
The skies an ominous cloud—
And veiled was time in thicker black,
Than uncle Joe in shroud.

The thunders lost their rattling jar,
Ten thousand peals were one,
And light was never deeper hid,
In distance than the sun.

When the storm had calmed and the lamp-lighter was lighting the gas above the cellar that gave us shelter we came forth from the dark grot.

I had once stopped at the Gayoso House when a child with father and I remembered its location.

I registered our names; and as soon as they were read by a gentleman bystander we were ushered into the parlor among a large number of friends.

As the storm prohibited the burial, in the Providence of God we followed father to his grave the next day.

CONCLUSION.

CANTO XVII.

A GOLDEN cloud is hanging high,
And silence broods around,
In splendor now it passes by,
And nevermore is found.

Not so with father's silent form,
Who slumbers in the tomb,
He passed through turmoil and through storm,
To his immortal home,

Where angels in bright glory sing
A requiem to the dead,
Whose voices through the arches ring,
"For him our Savior bled."

Drop not a tear for such an one,
But imitate his deeds.
Alluring vice forever shun
And go where duty leads.

FINIS.

CANTO XVIII.

THE North and South one banner wave,
With glorious freedom intertwined,
For man is man, though once a slave,
The impulse of the most refined.

Then side by side we'll march to fame,
If freedman's pulse beat ever true,
Then every heart shall throb the same—
That every pulse may life renew.

Volition's grand, enlightened brain
Must lead the true progressive van;
The noble statesman then shall gain
The highest honors of a man.

Oh! Heaven and earth united bless
The union of unnumber'd states—
Like children meet—in love caress,
Prepared to pass the Mystic Gates.

FREEDOM'S MARTYRS.

PREFATORY.

EVENTS, as empty shells upon the beach,
Historic lessons, students wisdom teach,
While sharks are playing on the billowed shore,
Destroying bravest men, and seeking more:
Dear Liberty! thy sons no power bars
From potent altitude as ruling stars,
Still glorifying freedom in their height,
Within our National orbit, lustrous bright.

The voice of triumph, sword-surrendered, hushed;
The cause of war the Proclamation crushed:
When death's projectile plowed through wondrous brain,
A loving Lincoln fell, by malice slain.
As sun rays hid beneath horizon's rim,
And zenith stars in distance pale and dim;

While gayety and splendor none forget,
The charms of theatre a Lincoln met;
Uniting Nation, glorifying peace,
Whose strife and malice should forever cease.

The womb of potency can ne'er give birth
To equal Lincoln on this potent earth;
Nor circumstances e'er demand such man,
Whose life all centuries in goodness span.
A civil hero, malice toward none,
Whose inspiration touched the humblest one;
As child of indigence bright heaven bent,
And special power to his purpose lent;
Who melted human shackles, force defied,
And for that freedom he as martyr died.

Our National heart still throbbed a normal force,
When Johnson met events' potential source;
Then reconstruction wisdom often tried,
And party blooming folly for each side.
Conditions followed never told by men,
The record made soon silenced truthful pen.

The loss of Lincoln mind can ne'er conceive,—
God's purpose holds as secret, we believe.
The lowly child high destiny fulfilled,
When purpose gained, accomplished what God willed

The crash of war and desolation meet,
Capitulated Gray, Blue bravely greet;
Events of civil war transition brought,
That urged the soul to love with peaceful thought:
Two armies seeking home and blessed peace,
Whose every homeward step heart's throb increase.
As National grief of overwhelming weight
Encompassed Johnson, then as head of state,
Responsibilities unknown before,
Uniting people, legal right restore.

Peace rocked dark child of Liberty but slow,
While sectional wounds cicatrix plainly show:
Great National pulse irregular when felt,
Though snow on million graves in silence melt.
Gray lily and red rose grow side by side,
Which changed the sentiments that states divide.

The depth of anguish felt in every form;
Life touched by civil war's destructive storm;
In calm of friendship to unite again,
When heart controls a long-excited brain.

Oft party spirit wild ignited hate
Within the party that controlled the state;
Apostate's deadly missile played the part
Which touched each soul to lacerate the heart;—
Prostrating Garfield, death recoiled from act;
The wound of torture slowly martyr racked:
Occult decrees (while prayer's fervent loud),
Time's shuttle weaves a Presidential shroud.
The overhanging woe eclipsed the age,
And left a blot upon the living page.

Prostrating gloom again gave way to light
And sun seemed burnished through the depth of night;
When Arthur met events with potent hand;
A noble, peaceful ruler of the land,
Who planted lilies on the Blue and Gray,
Augmenting pride of peace the better way;

Who cherished Christian potency as right,
Abhorring war that fertile peace must blight:
How near approaching Garfield none can know;
A faithful man, historic pages show.

All atoms come from God's creative palm,
Controlling each in storm as well as calm;
No particle destroyed or function chained:
All have a purpose, which some object gained.
A toxine has its purpose we confess,
Inherent energy each must possess.
The bolt of thunder, gathering clouds its source
To stand within its path can't stop its force;
'Tis human skill projectile legal cast,
To life destroy when bugle sounds the blast.

Calm destiny again proclaims the hour,
With undiminished energy of power;
From throne where darkness never kissed a ray,
Nor hurried moments linger in delay:
There wisdom ne'er can sleep nor mercy dream,
And justice stands without a word supreme;

All at God's bidding ready to obey,
And every truth is clothed in bright array,
Nor strength of sword on rights of others crowd,
As brightest moments bring a ruler's shroud.

The Pan-American in splendor new,
Time's gathered skill and wealth now comes in view,
Like rising sun that paints the mountain height,
To bring there grandeur, every form to light:
McKinley's eyes now meet 'mid happy throng,
As loving people greeting cheers prolong;
While smiling President is shaking hands,
All admiration grand as freedom stands,
Expressing sentiments for future gain,
In moment's glory shot, as martyr slain.

"It is God's way. His will be done, not ours,"
His lips expressed as life was ebbing powers;
Those words were heard as portals swung above,
While breath was fragrant yet with life and love,
And ling'ring moments met dissolving law.
Still soul rejoicing, living spirit saw

In restful pause his destiny fulfilled,
The purpose of his life, as purpose willed;
In majesty of death he bade farewell,
As tears of sorrow tide of ocean swell.

Those martyrs met in vital air of bliss,
With lips not mortal there each other kiss;
Where life's emotion forms no tear of woe,
In calm of love in wisdom ever grow;
From zone to zone in altitude to rise,
While mystery of splendor multiplies;
As gorgeous portals open to the view,
Another vision crowds in passing through,
As higher portal swings in endless space,
But yet not reached,—Jehovah's throne of grace.

Eternal archives who of men can read?
None but the God who destiny decreed.
When pulse was still and beat of heart was hushed,
And sobbing Nation yet in sorrow crushed,
The vacant chair again was filled by one
A solemn people welcomed as a son;

The National heart still strong in ruler's death,
As Roosevelt bravely breathed McKinley's breath;
And may the God of peace his motives guide,
The love of Him in truth through life abide.

The people's choice a compliment sublime:
To slay as martyr,—more that mortal crime;
Why Justice would permit the stars may know;
And how self-government produces foe,
Our future may yet solve, through knowledge learn,
When torch of righteousness shall brighter burn,
And Justice lingers in the lap of Truth;
While cheeks are blushing, folly kisses youth;
Ambition sprouting noxious fruit to share,
Our Liberty has cruel sins to bear.

To educate the brain, neglecting heart,
Like gods who open crater then depart—
To see the lurid flames sweet life destroy,—
In fiendish glory they the sight enjoy.
Christ carried cross but never sword or rod,
Electrifying man with love of God,

And every planet blessed but brilliant Mars,
Refulgent vanity 'neath higher stars.
The world has built him shafts on soldiers' bones,
As high as egotism could lift the stones.

But who can lift the veil on brooding time,
To see the future right can make sublime,
Or wrong may freedom bend to martial pride,
And greed of commerce 'neath our colors hide;
While envy rusts the anchor Navy holds,
To soil the colors with its sacred folds?
Or shall the eagle wings expand anew,
And place new zenith stars in spreading blue?
To empty college, shop, and harvest field,
The joy of peace to sword must loathing yield.

Ambition scents the wealth of tropic sun,
And Mexico as portals must be won;
Where earth is laden with the metal ores,
And oceans kiss their cropping by the shores;
Nor flora never hides beneath the snow,
But ever blooming where the rivers flow,

And trees of fruitage ever bloom and bear
To feed the hungry indolence can share.
There human health the normal force of clime,
May flag of freedom float in coming time!

Make isthmus, pole and oceans boundary lines,
A national continent the age designs,
Each star refulgent freedom lends at birth,
Unparalleled before upon the earth.
Resourceful drill develop heat and ore
With possibilities unknown before;
And depth shall give electric force and light
To move each shaft and piston with its might.
With restful life add years to careful men,
Augmenting brain and potency to pen.

An overloaded cloud breaks from its weight,—
Why not a government however great?
Earth's center must defy all skill and steel,
For distance bars and secrets can conceal,
And angels fear to fly beyond their bounds;
Within true orbits planets make their rounds

On hinge of limitation portals swing,
Yet bolt be opened by a seraph's wing:
Let statesmen study limits as they are,—
God fixed the orbits right for every star.

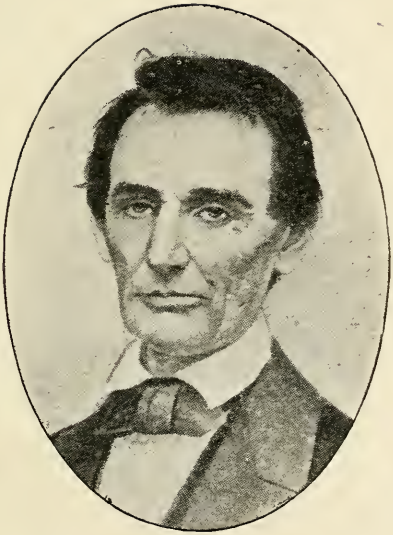
Impetuous liberty of boundless force,
Who knows thy limits in thy onward course?
Each generation new ambition leads,
Impetuosity at once succeeds;
Glad genius penetrating depth and height,
Bombarding old occults with fresh delight,
Then paints with iridescence Freedom's dome
That lends new splendor where before was gloam,
To raise through energy the humblest one
Who wears the wreath capacity has won.

Then chosen man of God in time appears,
Imbued with righteousness, who knows no fears;
Enforcing right with love as Christ has taught,
With holy purpose, purity of thought;
Whose fervent words shall melt ill-gotten gold
Add strength to pure and character unfold,

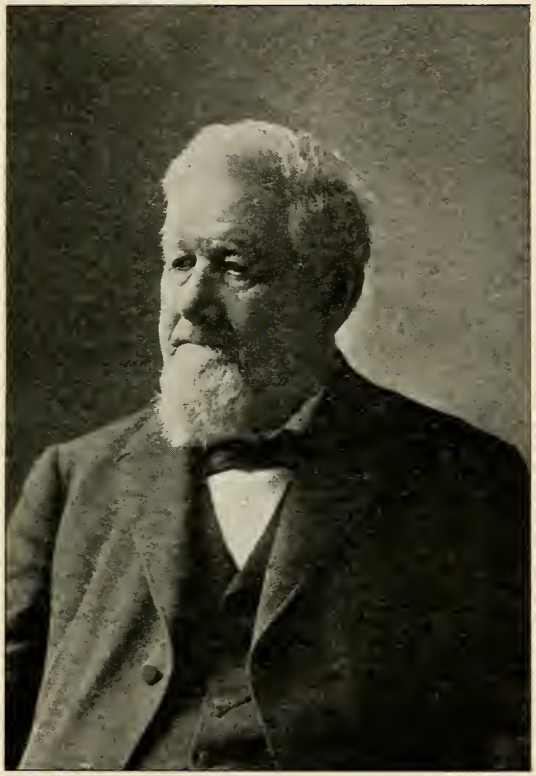
FREEDOM'S MARTYRS.

Reburnish stars if commerce left a stain,
And raise the people to exalted plane.
Then love and wisdom shall together dwell,
To ring in Glory Independence Bell.

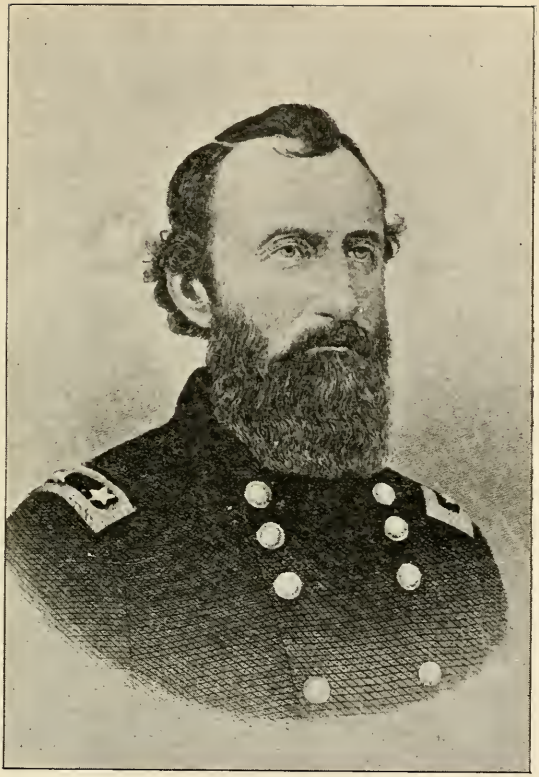
Elkhart, Ills., October 23, 1901.



A. Lincoln



General John M. Palmer.



John A. McClernand
Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols

THREE HEROES UNITE.

THE bell in the dome of God's Temple of Light,
Is tolling the death of Grand Palmer to-night;
And angels rejoice as its melody tolled,
While mountains of sunset from portals were rolled.
Cerulean arch in deep purple expands,
McClernand in soft luminosity stands,
As gazing intent the prismatic gate swung,
And angels their songs for a purpose prolong.

In robe of sunbeams, and in silence appears,
Some hero is leading the column that nears;
Each fold of his robe in permutable gleam,
Whose face is a problem and glorious theme.
'Tis Lincoln exalted, whose soul is matured,
The sphere of his station forever secured;
Life's sadness of face has now changed to serene,
The angels of culture no brighter have seen.

He comes with McClernand so close by his side—
Red portals of ether rolled back like a tide;

When Palmer approached in midst of the gate
While column on column in distance still wait.
In glorious vision beholding the two—
And triumph of spirit, each other can view,
Then meet on the height of true, rapturous love,
The conflict of time, approbated above.

Born 'neath the new stars that o'er freedom preside
With force of their will on themselves they relied;
Where, trustful and hopeful, with malice for none,
They bettered the world, and true honors have won.
All earth was their school, and with purpose sublime,
The right they first sought, whose great teacher was Time;
Who planted twig deep, the fructiferous tree,
The sword in their hands, pigmented made free.

Their blood was as royal as pulse ever beat,
Whose manhood grew strong as they challenge defeat;
Each cell of their brain of phenomenal weight,
Augmented in size, and endurance was great.
Where genius could lurk, as the Master holds court,
The truth of events, their eternal support;

The jurist and scholar, the soldier and man,
Oft destiny shaped, they to execute plan.

At dawn of this century parents' own bliss,
Had wooed through their love from unconscious abyss;
The babes of their vow, and the pulse of their beat,
The needs of this nation in manhood should meet.
They grew as the stars that bespangle the blue,
To serve as great heroes as decades renew;
What voids they have filled, and dark mountains displaced,
While places of honor with self-dignity graced.

Slow decades would come and when laden would go,
They plowed and prepared to then carefully sow,
Rich fields of their labor our own Illinois;
Wild roses were blooming for plow to destroy,
Deep soil and deep carbon were waiting so late,
For statesmen to grow and develop the state;
The rail and the wheel starts new progress on wings,
Necessity urged, and bright destiny brings.

In congress and senate and White House those three,
As statesmen of wisdom made justice their plea;

On forum and field they demanded and won,
Insep'rable forces, united as one.
In faith with the times, which they scented afar—
Knew palor of moon, shed no rays of a star;
Whose hearts and whose minds were forcible, great,
For freedom breathed love, but for tyranny hate.

Our nation shall stand while eternal stars burn;
If heroes shall honor, as epochs return;
Laudation may burnish the shaft of their fame,
Who succor'd the poor and gave staff to the lame.
Exalting brave virtue, whatever the race,
Each action of life to the heart we can trace;
At fount of divinity oft have they quaff'd
Now deeds of their life are the rocks of their shaft.

As sunset of century lingers so bright,
Those shedding most lustre have bid us good-night;
Like echoes they seem to still linger below,
Whose virtues recited in friendship we know.
Transcendent in spirit, forever above,
But distance and change can ne'er separate love;

Good-night! till the morrow, we linger in time,
The flight of the moment age makes more sublime.

Could potentates learn what sad indigence feels,
Where earth gives the most, soft dread destitute reels;
The sweat that must roll o'er the blistering face,
They honored as virtue, not drops of disgrace,
All races of earth come and breathe at their shrine,
Whose words and kind deeds as the solitaire shine;
Beloved by the people, true son and great sire,
Whose ashes retain still American fire.

"LINCOLN'S MONUMENTAL TEMPLE."

UNWEIGHED or measured are his deeds of heart--
Once wondrous face—explanatory chart,
Whose course of thought moved by intrepid soul
Not poised on scales of doubt, in part or whole.
Each nation'l act as new ignited star
Above horizon, shining from afar,
Emitting light in canopy of space,
We saw in person beaming from his face,
One Lincoln, time evolved, as special plan,
Exhausting limits in immortal man.
Sun-cycle forging link, rust-weaken'd chain,
Philosophers at heart had shackled brain,
Became a power sections to divide
Political equality denied.—
In midst of clanking links the child was born,
In youth he plucked the lily 'neath the thorn
That grew together in their native soil,
Tho' fragrance never lent to those who toil

"LINCOLN'S MONUMENTAL TEMPLE."

While picking cotton from the open boll,
Whose names were written on the servile roll.
He grew to athlete powerful in form,
Enjoying calm, but never fearing storm.
Of elongated, bony structur'l strength,
Extremities extreme, of normal length,
Articulated potency of time—
With mental energy truth made sublime;
Uniting all inherency of womb
Prime Hero's contours sad unconscious gloom,
A master and philosopher in strife,
For home and country gave devoted life.
While steel and marble grand in art's display,
Yet fullness of the man ne'er can portray,
Tho' naught but man, the product of the earth,
The mother sanctified who gave him birth:
She breathed the fragrance of eternal bloom,
Developed forces as the plant perfume.
Inherent virtue made the mother great—
Heart-throbs of destiny gave him to State.
The world to see from altitude of space
Our freedom blest, Jehovah granting grace.

"LINCOLN'S MONUMENTAL TEMPLE."

A monumental Temple build with dome,
Each state department of capacious room,
Diameter expand with country's size,
And high as eagle danger cause to rise;
With halls and corridors of native art,
And steel and stone composing structur'l part,
On pinnacle of dome shall Lincoln stand,
With emblematic peace in outstretched hand,
Great harbinger of love, as statesman pose,
Whose open lips of prayer never close.

The Capps-Lincoln picture was presented Mr. Jabez Capps of Mt. Pulaski, Ills., by Lincoln about 1852, as an old-style type. The picture was photographed for Hoke Beidler's book of poems in 1902.

Lincoln, Ills., November 1, 1902.

LINCOLN'S WHITE HOUSE DREAM.

PROPHETIC dream, if dream it was.
I into slumber fell;
I thought there was a stillness there,
To "wander" did impel.
At length I came to the end room;
I entered there, and oh!
Before me was a dais grand
And corpse I did not know.
The President they said was dead,
Then loud the wailing heard,
I then awoke, such was my dream,
In the White House as occurred.

Unfading scene remained in mind,
As purple leaves from frost;
Prophetic finger touched the heart—
Impression never lost.
Or transit psychologic force,

A law not well defined;
Nor did he comprehend just why
'Twas forced upon his mind.
Occults exist, not understood—
Not mere a shadow form;
The slayer's mind impressed on mind,
As pain before the storm.
The deed existed in Booth's brain,
His plans already drew;
The cold assassin's purpose fixed,
And then his victim slew.
With subtle force electric wings
May carry through the air,
Affinity oft catch the spark,
In dreams the fact declare.
Electric force prevading space,
Swift messenger of dreams.
Impressing mind of others' thought—
Suggesting startling themes.
Sad dream to him, to us a truth,
Unfathomed on the earth;

LINCOLN'S WHITE HOUSE DREAM.

His life as dream now world inspires—
 Prenatal force stamped birth.
'Twas brain and heart made Lincoln great—
 Prime hero of the free,—
Advancing age—a thousand years—
 Who signed God's high decree.
Majestic seer and dauntless man,
 Self torch of human rights,
Who felt the poor man's heart his own,
 In whom the good delights.
He never crushed a growing plant
 Nor stepped upon a toad;
Wide world is bowing at his feet
 And reaping what he sowed.

November 23, 1899.

NANCY HANKS,

LINCOLN'S MOTHER, OF BERKS COUNTY, PA.

THE blood which made his heart so warm,
The bones that gave such giant form,
The force that moved his mighty brain,
Imperial grandeur to sustain;
The majesty of mind and soul
Which once the millions did control,
Can now be traced to rugged Berks.
Triumphant Cosmo's boldest works
Raised mountains high, put valleys low,
That fount and rill could rapid flow;
Ribbed hills with rock and fossil seams,
That percolate pellucid streams,—
A wondrous land of native wealth,
Where manhood blooms true primal health.
Each season grows the wealth of soil
For sweating face and hands of toil.

NANCY HANKS.

The trees are blooming clouds of scent,
The apple boughs are laden bent;
The verdant plant with pendent red,
The ripened wheat with drooping head,
The bleating lamb and lowing herd,
And eagle to the humming bird,
Made rural life what life should be—
True happiness among the free.
Here Lincoln's blood new force acquired,
Teutonic maid fresh love inspired;
With culminating force of clime
Results of life became sublime,
Transmitted in its course of love,
Imbued with higher from above,
Gave wondrous child! new forces drove,
While love of right a garland wove.
The matchless hero winged his flight
In altitude 'bove human height.

TO DEPARTED HERO.

GENERAL JOHN A. M'CLERNAND.

THE stars of space his pathway pave
While ashes linger in the grave.
Most gen'rous, brave, devoted man,
The sequence of eternal plan.
Ripe master of the joys of right,
Impelling to exalted height.
The moment's call he ne'er could shirk,
Unselfish deeds his daily work.
He cheered the faltering steps of weak—
Put color in the pallid cheek,
The bleeding feet, when tired, dressed,
And shiv'ring child in arms caressed.
His heart was brimming o'er to give;
To share with others was to live.
Capacious soul encouraged all,
Distress or death could not appal.

TO DEPARTED HERO.

Unbending will, for right was firm,
Ne'er tread on life to see it squirm,—
A child in love and tenderness,
Who lived to better and to bless.
When civil conflict, like the tide—
To rise at night and billow hide,
And devastation strew the shore;
So came the shock of native war.
Hot bomb from Charleston flying burst,
McClernand gave it answer first,
Addressed Buchanan to unfold,
Wild echoes of artilleries told,
The war already had begun,
Who heard Fort Sumpter's loudest gun.
The President at once he met,
Whose language he could ne'er forget.
The President was in his room,
The lighted gas exposed his gloom.
*"This crisis must be solved right here,

*When the first bomb at Charleston re-echoed the civil conflict throughout our grand domains, General John A. McClernand at the head of Illinois Congressional delegation waited on James Buchanan, President of the United States, and presented these sentiments.

No time to lose nor man to fear.
Shall Mississippi states divide?
Two warring nations side by side?
The Union severed at one blow?
I answer with dynamic: No!
Not while this arm can raise a sword,
For all the North's of one accord;
Ohio from its source to mouth,
Meet waters of the North and South;
The mountain's snow on drifted tops,
Supply the gulf with crystal drops;
A million graves can't separate,
Nor cannon ball nor hot debate,
United rills from every clime
Together mingle for all time.
Strabismus eyes can't see the right,
But blood and grave shall yet unite."
He left Buchanan in his power,
Aroused to duty of the hour.
Next morning preparation showed
Which way the Mississippi flowed,

TO DEPARTED HERO.

Hostilities at once to meet,
Arranging army and the fleet.
War graves and pages ever tell
Of equal valor as they fell,
In unison two equal hearts,
Where throbbing love, when peace departs.
The coming hero Lincoln greets
Whose startling call he promptly meets,
Made ranking general of the West—
War billows carried on their crest;
Where valiant hero dauntless led,
Commanding lustre always shed,
True Lincoln's friend, in war and peace,
As years of usefulness increase,
Now, on eternal banks of light
In clasping hands in love unite;
God's higher wisdom guiding each
Who eminence through freedom reach.
The honest heart and active brain
Can destiny to truth sustain.
For freedom is result of heart,
Of life itself the better part,

And which McClernand did defend—
The common man's devoted friend.
Oh! land of thrilling deeds of earth,
To grandest men of time gave birth,
The product of the soil, the air,
The majesty of thought declare;
The land of hearts, the home of brains,
No fetters in thy grand domains;
One God the Father of us all,
No state or man can weak enthrall;
Self-sovereignty we all do share,
And love to breathe our native air.
Our "Starry Destiny" revere,
As every orbit has its sphere;
The cabin child becomes the GREAT,
To lead in ARMY, and in STATE.
September 20, 1900.

LINCOLN'S NINETY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

READ BY HOKE BEIDLER, IN LINCOLN COURTHOUSE, FEBRUARY 12, 1900.

CONTINENT rose from depth of the earth,
Ocean receding at continent's birth;
Furnished with soil and ready to till,
Fauna and flora sent at God's will;
Waiting for man, who searched and then found
Ocean detached from the land of the crowned.
Billow-bound land with gulf and the lakes,
Heaven preserves through lurid earthquakes.
Best of the earth, 'neath clouds that give rain,
Time holds in lap, strong muscle and brain.

Gorgeous the sun that morning he rose,
Slowly he moved, no Boreas blows.
Calmness became a storm of surprise;
Crimson the orb, expanding in size;

Dropping red tears, hot meteors fell,
Bursting with matter sun did expel.
Rolling black clouds together are dashed,
Flames from the peaks o'er mountains are flashed.
Fear was portrayed on face of the brave,
Glory was heard from joyful old slave.

Center of system, the universe rock,
Pendulum stopped in planter's old clock.
Bells in the steeples silence too broke,
Tolled as for death, cold metal awoke.
Deep was the rumbling, shaking the hills,
Stopping the wheels, then running the mills.
Birds of the air were piping in blue,
Frightened from forest, terrified flew.
Eagles were spreading pinions in height,
Darkness and dawn commingled with light.

Mansion of splendor oscillate slow,
Tremor of earth wherever they go;
Forest was trembling, falling and fell,
Waters were gushing out of each well.

Master and slave were bending each knee,
Mercy one asked, but slave to be free.
Sorrow and pleasure, smile and a tear,
Hope in the slave, in master but fear.
Such was the hour Kentucky once felt,
Stolid the heart that scene did not melt.

That was the hour Abe Lincoln was born!
Forces from sun aflaming were torn;
Planets approving in silence profound;
Nature had brought the mighty uncrowned.
Land of the slave, to give to their race,—
Child of the storm, to bondage displace.
Angels of distance singing of one,
Freedom embracing marvelous son!
Eagles had waited, beak 'neath their wing,
Decades were brooding. Cotton was king.

Came as a giant soaring through space;
Solar ignition shining in face;
Pen in his hand, in other a scroll,
Wisdom his force, to freedom control.

Holding the falling, raising the weak,
Pinioned the eagle—sharpened his beak.
God was his father, mother was earth,
Breast of a woman nursed him in birth.
Dying the death of a martyr of right,
Death but the exit—spirit took flight.

STARRY DESTINY WELCOMES PRINCE.

THE national heart throbs fever heat
The Prince of Germany to greet,
The German pulse is quickened so
Their ancient impulse artless show,
Great jeweled crown still love the more,
But Starry Destiny adore;
Ideal monarch, German's pride,
His royal potency doth guide;
The Germans ne'er forget their youth,
But freedom love as much as truth.

Great empire royalty has crowned,
Our pinioned eagles are undowned;
Each German, freedom's sovereign stud,
The pride of Teuton's ancient blood.
As free as waves and boreal blast,
Floats Starry Destiny at mast;
Our fatherland we honor still,
From field to mountain and the rill,

Their graves remaining ever green,
Where mem'ry lingers round the scene.

Teutonic force, potential, great
In everything that makes a state,
Of restless vigor, past as now,
From rustless sword to spade and plow;
The first in science and in art,
Of fertile brain and honest heart,
Removes the boulders, clears the way—
Inherent freedom all display,
Whose potency encompass world
Where Starry Destiny's unfurled.

In war and peace invoke the right,
For heart and country always fight;
Colonial heroes, pride of land,
On shaft of freedom proudly stand;
In every battlefield of yore
Their crimson blood was left as gore;
In peace, footprints in furrow show
Where wheat and corn luxuriant grow;

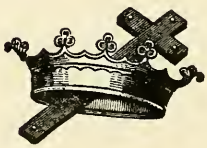
From mine to peak, to ranch or chase,
Teutonic master rules the place.

Teutonic red arterial flood
Now pulses Presidential blood—
The nation's ruler, people's pride,
Alert as statesman who can guide
Events, when tangled, for the right,
Triumphant justice his delight;
The storm electrifies his brains,
The calm his judgment then sustains,
His force of heart and mind unite,
With potency enforces right.

Republic court of crownless West,
Shall treat the Prince as royal guest;
A mighty nation welcomes thee,
As royal people, joyful, free.
On kindly waves the tide shall meet,
Thy coming millions now repeat,
Two nation'l flags the breezes wave,
Float over men who're equal brave—

STARRY DESTINY WELCOMES PRINCE.

Event so grand, surprising, rare—
Thrice welcome, Prince, our welcome share.
February 6, 1902.



ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE OF FORTY.

A DOUBTFUL struggle at the start,
An early monument of art,
Whose rocky pillars stand erect
And not a crevice can detect.
It stands as firm as honest men
Whose destiny they guided then.
Now relic of eventful years,
Bright memories of past endears;
About it cling, where shall abide—
Historic acts of nation'l pride.

The capitol of spreading state
Anticipated progress great.
Yet undisturbed sleeps hidden store
Of richest carbon to the core.
As grass was waiting for the ox,
Demand was waiting for the shocks,
And distance waiting for the trains
While rose was blooming on the plains.

Rich, idle acres toil invite,
Yet slow the pilgrims come in sight.

Within those walls a Lincoln stood,
Defending man's true brotherhood.
The house divided cannot stand,
Eternal union rights demand.
Here Douglas' voice the people heard,
And grand McClernand thousands stirred,
And Palmer, Baker and a Shields,
Their hearts and brains for right appeals.
'Twas war or union as a whole,
Whose names we read on nation'l scroll.

When thunders rolled and storm was nigh,
Upon thy floor I bid good-bye,
While Lincoln's hand mine gently pressed,
And for the moment let it rest.
His soul was shining in his face,
A nation'l smile of heaven's grace,
With purpose that could ne'er retreat;
Events were brooding he must meet,

Above horizon saw then clear
Whose heart throbbed strong and knew no fear.

The whirling wheels with danger turned,
And torch of foe already burned.
When he departed for his work,
Dread foe as friends in ambush lurk,
While thunders of eternal right
And vivid lightning of the night
Were shaking ground where hero stood,
To him was language understood,
And not a fibre in him shrank,
For at the fount of right he drank.

Red half of decade came and sped,
The blood of martyr then was shed.
Strong wings of destiny must fold
While bell of mourning slowly tolled.
The nation wept, the world was shocked,
The pendulum of time seemed locked.
Hot tears of love and friendship flow,
Through anguish trinkle, burning woe,

ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE OF FORTY.

Deep sorrow as the desert blast,
Despair and dread o'er nation cast.

'Twas then when skies were set with stars,
Some angel wings spread over Mars.
As I before a coffin bent
Florescence-covered season scent.
Within thy hoary temple walls,
And still that scene my soul appalls:
Where I behold to slowly trace,
In silent grief great Lincoln's face.
Since then thy walls as sacred shrine,
Where freedom sips of grapeless wine.
January 15, 1899.

THE MAJOR.

THE LEGAL EXILED SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

GOD grant these lines mend broken vows,
Melt hate, and love reclaim;
We must deplore the wind that blows
The spark of hate to flame.

PREFA ORY.

In silence lay the steel-clad Maine
To seek new laurels in the war,
The philanthropic hopes sustain
Upon the ocean's island shore.
Explosion stirred the soldier's heart
When Starry Destiny unfurled,
The bravest men to do their part,
New lessons teach the ancient world.
Our hero left his mansion home
With sword of conflict at his side,
Then kissed the goddess on the dome,
Embarking on the fretful tide.

He served till clime had withered form,
To long for home's responsive wealth
To shelter, and forgetting storm
Returned to these with broken health.
Without a hand to him caress
Who once had loved, as loving wife,
Unwelcome soldier in distress
Now lingers on, in ebbing life.

REHEARSES HIS STORY, AS HE WITHDRAWS, TO PASS THE THRESHOLD FOREVER.

Our minds perchance retain the hour
When golden minutes flew,
Warm hearts were throbbing, impulse strange,
Perhaps to both were new.
The moments gave such birth unsought,
To welcome winging fate;
Unfettered love of thermal glow,
Now frozen into hate.

I see your home on sloping brow,
Enclosed with tasseled corn;

Fat herds in distance roam in grass,
And hills and plains adorn;
Where nature lavished all she had,
As verdure of the spring,
And echoes of the forest glen
Lent voice to everything.

'Neath maple tree in youth's first flush,
By accident we met;
Those spreading boughs of sylvan shade
Are green in mem'ry yet.
The blue-grass grew to velvet rug,
Wild flowers ankle deep;
The birds of forest vied in tune,
As through the treetops leap.

We lingered till the solar orb
Was veiled in purple glow,
And then we watched the twilight come
As day departed slow.
Then came the moon to greet our steps,
When eve augmented gloam;—

Two hearts responsive to each word,
 Returning to your home.

Those minutes linger like a spark
 In ashes of the past;
That night united hearts and lips,
 With vows for time to last.
Our love was born 'neath lunar glare,
 As pure as heart e'er knew;
The bud of expectation swelled
 And into blossom grew.

Oft met, to love without restraint,
 As tide that meets the shore;
To part was agony to both,
 As if to meet no more;
Reciprocating kiss for kiss,
 And still to linger yet,
Those thoughts ignite my soul to flame;—
 I wish I could forget.

In little granite church on hill,
 Together often knelt,

As organ sounded deepest tones,
Its inspiration felt.
Then mount our horses for a dash,
And o'er prairie speed;
Your cattle fed in fenceless space,—
Kentucky's largest breed.

Anticipation urged the hour
When you and I should wed;
You blushed the modesty of bride,
When to the altar led.
If bliss was ever felt by hearts,
Ours seemed to have no bounds;
Each pulse was leaping purest joy,
Accelerating rounds.

The months on wings of ecstacy,
Brought more than even joy;
Prolific was our wedding bed,
Inviting darling boy.
A welcome child of love to us,
Renewing vows with kiss;

With ardent expectation filled
To brimming, gourd of bliss.

Our love increased as months sped on,
Another boy soon came;
The pride of nuptial tie was felt,
Receiving father's name.
Exulting hearts without a pang
Each day made life replete;
My happiness by woman crowned,
Who ne'er had learned deceit.

Events approached, exalting both,
Augmenting in esteem;
Our loving lives now gave us what
To us is still supreme:
A peerless daughter, artless child,
With every facial line
And even step and motion too,
Are typical of mine.

The life of father stamped her form,
Expressing love's impress;

Though I am banished from her sight,
And never dare caress.
When you shall kiss her typic lips,
You taste her father's child;
From her dear presence must remain
Your potency exiled.

Let echoes not forget to tell
The love I bear the three;
While you expunge from mem'ry now
The scene of maple tree,
As exiled tramp I wander far,
To find a lonely tomb;
You tell my children when I'm dead,
Why banished from my home.

As I returned from battlefield,
You spurned my feeble form,
Yet I endured events of war
'Mid deadly tropic storm.
You let your heart grow languid then,
Unloosed some sacred tie,—

Accepting fate, remaining brave,
Neglected, I shall die.

Must bid farewell without a kiss,
And turn my face from thee,
To try unfathomed night alone,
While you're forgetting me.
I'll think of thee as loving bride,
With cheeks of blushing hue,
Who whispers true and ardent love,
But now must bid adieu.

Leave mansion once your money built,
And where each child was born,
The comforts of a home denied
With intellectual scorn.
The eyes of *God* are never closed,
No bolt to heaven's gate,—
In vaulted blue the planets kiss,—
Why tremble at my fate?

May 10, 1902.

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM darkness into light all life is born,
Intelligence its purposes adorn.
From tender womb the child bursts into light,
Imbued with forces which develop might,
Whose little optics open to the rays
As tympanum is touched air sounds conveys.
The lips are moistened with lacteal pap,
As dimpled child is coiled on mother's lap;
To grow to mental grandeur, passing hours
Till people trust with delegated powers.

From pap of freedom nurses strength and life,
Preparing fibers strong for human strife.
Eventful years of youth augmenting mind,
As nature's choisest elements combined.
Prenatal impulse mother furnished child,
Developing what could not be defiled.

The laws of nature shackled not the growth,
Nor grew a fiber that would fit a sloth.
The earth and atmosphere their force unite,
Adorning world with Son for Christian Knight.

Exchanging books for bayonet and gun,
He stepped to music 'neath the burning sun,
To scale the battlements and sleep in mud,
And wading rivers in their springtide flood,—
While destiny was beck'ning, gilding hope,
His loyalty was building telescope,—
To see promotion raising him in rank
And from the bowl of valor hopeful drank.
So young, so brave, to country and to truth,
As deeds of valor stimulated youth.

To purpose born in energy he grew,
And like the apis supped the morning dew;
The legal threshold crossed equipped for bar,
A soldier trained developed to a star.
With Christian habits crowned, evolving man,
His history the world with pleasure scan.

Man's rights he claimed, heroic to them clung,
With heart as free as flag to breezes flung,
Downed pinions spreading wings for Washington,
His statesmanship soon recognition won.

In congress grappled with the members old,
A master in debate, and dauntless bold.
Undowned as eagle, his ready logic soared,
To prick as bayonet and cut as sword.
Didactic sentences in thunder born,
In words of dignity or subtle scorn.
Convincing pleasantry like drops of dew,
Fell from his open lips each sparkling, true,
Who rose in politics through native force,
Advancing statesman rapid in his course.

Great party issues forming through the land,
As heated desert piling up the sand.
From pile to pile they drift to mountain range,
Return again as shifting winds do change,
To higher elevation sparkling height,
As grainy mountains forming clouds in flight,

So moved the masses into party range,
Whose views were shifting as the speakers change.
Declaimer by the leagues like boreas blew,
And minds of people changed as sands that flew.

When storm of politics that shook the land
Returned to calm, and reason took command,
McKinley stood the hero of the race,
To rank the world in dignity of place.
In admiration grows each peaceful hour,
Who rules to-day the pride of legal power.
With people's grace in equity controls,
As wheels of commerce speed increasing rolls,
Our Servant President the people chose,
To epic song a Homer should compose.

The sword of war and people's pen of peace,
He holds in trust, while virtue shall increase.
He watches public pulse to faith insure,
And highest rights of man to each secure,
In danger still, to words in wisdom scan,
Whose potent eloquence abyss can span.

WM. McKINLEY.

One of the people compassing each pose,
And tide of thought in politics he knows.
A diagnosticater of the times,
Whose acts with most of people smoothly rhymes.

Hail! Liberty, thy son may serve us well,
The clouds of danger promptly does dispel;
And bids defiance to intruding wrong,
Whose heart beats true and peril makes it strong.
On land and sea the territorial coast
He will protect without a smile of boast,
Whose heart and brain united forces blend,
Like iridescent bow o'er Nation bends.
Our honor he'll defend, and every trust,
Or die the martyr for his being just.

September, 1897.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

The President acknowledges with grateful appreciation the kind expression of sympathy which you recently sent to him.

STRONG motherhood gave country noble son,
Who gained an altitude the few have won.
Prenatal force impressed upon the child
Controlling virtue, purpose ne'er defiled.

Sublime the monument of mother's grace,
Who occupies the Nation's foremost place.
From child to lad, to strong exalted man,
He bridged each gulf then crossed erected span.

Heroic mother Heaven softly calls—
Christ's sepulchre the faithful ne'er appalls,
True nation'l sorrow honors such a life,
The loving mother and the cherished wife.

The President bowed down—affliction deep,
The tears of trustful love the people weep,

(While angel voices welcome her through space),
Devoted Christian of exalted grace.

What sacred source the kindred blood that flows,
The mother's normal pulse distinctly shows;
When fountain's pure the stream remains the same
To sparkle, rolling on, till oceans claim.

In woman God has placed inherent love,
As pure as force controlling life above.
Dear, spotless motherhood, to thee refer,
Whose pulse beat life for us before we were.

Her life gives being grafted with a soul,
With gifts divine that purpose may control.
On lap of nurture mother's first caress,
Whose fount of love can never flow the less.

Pure motherhood, how marvelous you seem,
A gem of life, the gift of the Supreme,
Of living splendor, honored from above,
Who weigh thy charity or measure love?

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

Replete maternal mind when eyes first peep,
Whose life gave life that causes heart to leap,
Solicitude is kissed with touching care—
Glad impulse, pressing nourishment to share.

Ennobled motherhood, we'll brim thy bowl
With all that sons can bring to cheer thy soul,
But ne'er can pay the gracious debt we owe
For life and love's too feeble, sages know.

From hut to cabin and palatial home,
The hearts of people cluster 'bout her tomb:
Soul's silent prayer breathed, tho' lips are sealed,
A solemn Nation's love for her revealed.

Uphold the President in stricken grief.
Of eighty millions he is present chief.
Thou God of mercy, now his strength increase,
And guide events in honor and in peace.

Washington, December 8, 1897.

VICTORIA'S EIGHTIETH NATAL DAY.

WHEN iridescence first to arch was bent,
And open blooms distilled their pristine scent,
Grand nature woman crowned as purest life—
A loving mother, the devoted wife,

Whose voice controlled in tender, loving tone—
The child upon her breast, or man on throne,
Who shaped inherent destiny of all,
Uplifts with smile, but frown impelling fall.

The pen of scribes oft told of queenly fame,
Ideal splendor that embellished name;
Such rarest honors orients have seen—
Prostrated homage to their loving Queen.

As brave a heart as ever purpose beat,
Has throbbed devotion at her restless feet.
Dear Mother Queen, God's highest being still,
And crowned by people's loyal, loving *will*.

VICTORIA'S EIGHTIETH NATAL DAY.

Grave Queen, and Empress, empires her domains,
In harmony with people gently reigns
In every clime on earth, with English pride—
Protection in their rights to none denied.

She gave advancement wings, and knowledge light,
Igniting torch in darkness for the right,
And elevated cross with tender truth—
Whose heart is freighted with the scent of youth.

The dreams of ages science now makes plain,
As sweet longevity still lets her reign;
While stars are born to brighten midnight dome,
The incandescent lamp is lighting home.

This century's exulting in her age,
Unparalleled on Fame's unblotted page,
Who wears most trusted *crown* upon the earth—
Years wreathed her brow with diadems of worth.

She never crushed a bud that fragrance gave,
But planted flowers on her people's grave;

VICTORIA'S EIGHTIETH NATAL DAY.

The lily watered, shading plant from sun,
And plucked rare roses for the humblest one.

Great Queen of Britain, virtue made sublime,
Augmented usefulness with sunset time—
Oh! laden winds from pole or swelling Nile,
Now carry health's aroma to her Isle.

America, best heritage of earth,
Where every race, enjoying freedom's birth
And excellence, has polished bravest men
With gleaming sword and energy of pen,

Whose love of Liberty remains supreme,
Send greeting sentiments of true esteem
This Natal Day so multiplied in years—
Great Britain's Queen the world in love reveres.

May 24, 1899.

AT WASHINGTON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR CHARLES SUMNER.

WITHIN his spacious room we talked,
With measured step he moved and walked,
Vivacity in voice and tone,
A statesman of his kind alone:
Reviewing past of great events,
Now every day result augments:
Whose vacant chair once thrilled the world,
And slavery from power hurled.
The cane of Brooks broke fetters then,
Unknown though to the wisest men.
King Cotton fettered slave and speech,—
The statesman now should lessons teach,—
Whose crowning greed as kings of land,
Controlling all with sword in hand.
But what did Sumner say of such,
When cane of Brooks put him on crutch?

AT WASHINGTON.

Three million men its folly cost,
And then the cause to them was lost.
Great Sumner's voice could ne'er be hushed,
Nor highest freedom then be crushed.

June 13, 1902.

THE FLAG OF STARRY DESTINY UNFURL.

OUR NATIONAL POWER.

Words by Hoke Beidler. Song and Chorus.

THE Flag unfurled to freedom, gorgeous floats,
As stars in calm seem, conscious bright,
Declare their majesty, united force,
To guard our Land and every right

CHORUS.—Victorious Flag, triumphant wave!
Protect each home, and hero's grave;
Victorious Flag, triumphant wave!
In peace and battle, o'er the brave.

STIRS PATRIOTIC HEART.

How glowing stars stir patriotic heart,
As Flag in glaring sunlight gleams,
In graceful folds from battleship of Maine,
Or over grave of soldier streams.—CHO.

THE FLAG OF STARRY DESTINY UNFURL.

OUR PEACEFUL INCREASE.

The Flag our fathers touched with sacred love,
Bright national color, lustre holds,
As *Starry Destiny*—in peace augments,
And glorifying waving folds.—CHO.

IMMUTABLE GOVERNMENT.

The crimson red, and white, and stars in blue,
Immutable as solar time,
Revered by sons, heroic fathers loved,
Whose valiant deeds made more sublime.—CHO.

AMERICA FOR THE FREE.

Unfurl! America's inspiring stripes!
To brighten hope and fill the soul,
That blest a continent our God had spared,
Where sovereignty should each control.—CHO.

NAVY.

Unfurl! God's peaceful breeze shall kiss the folds,
And ocean spray on crested tide;
Unfurl! to billow, storm, and cannon roar,
For freedom Navy's heroes died.—CHO.

THE FLAG OF STARRY DESTINY UNFURL.

ARMY.

Victorious Flag! arch messenger of free,
O'er Army wave, as eagles soar,
The Sons of Liberty shall thee defend,
And for our freedom God adore.—CHO.

PRESENTED TO FIRST SERGEANT HENRY STAHL.

ON bloody field you fought when young,
For country then in balance hung,
Your valor in the hottest fight,
Historic now, was for the right.

This stick in midst of carnage grew,
Perchance your bullet struck it too;
At Donnelson's red battlefield,
In gory trench, you by it kneeled.

Presenting this to honor one
The flag has honored as a son,
When age shall lean upon this cane,
Your mem'ry shall be young again.

And when you change your camping ground,
Among the brave you shall be found,
American in blood and fame,
Where Lincoln greets you by your name.

October, 1893.

OUR STARRY DESTINY.

IS Starry Destiny from high?
Immortal structure, thou reply —
Whose stripes were dyed in living red,
From throbbing hearts that freedom bled.
The white was bleached with truth alone,
With rays that through cerulean shone.
The field was dipped in ocean's blue,
As eagles in their glory flew;
The stars came through ignited space,
Now shining freedom in their place.

The birth of flag was Freedom's birth,
Before untried on cultured earth.
New stars of space like comets fell,
And dropped in blue each to excel;
The constellation to augment.
Increasing grandeur virtue lent;

Refulgent cluster, growth of time,
In potency declared sublime,
Inviting stars of freedom still,
This continent alone to fill.

In wisdom God created space,
For stars united to embrace
A continent where heart and brain
Could equilibrium sustain.
Love God and be with Him in touch;
The law of truth e'er teaches such.
Where freedom could develop mind,
With attributes the most refined,
And culture gain its proper place,
A royal man of perfect grace.

The pure in mind are only great,
And none but free can reach that state;
For man had never gained his height,
Till freedom gave inherent right.
The sovereign hand then touched the soil,
And crowned the man of noble toil;

OUR STARRY DESTINY.

As native corn of tasseled bloom
The plains of distance now perfume,
This continent as gift of God,
Denying right to rule with rod.

Our cherished constellated stars
The right of conscience ne'er debars,
Peace Goddess let us wreathe to-day,
As love of country acts portray,
The highest realms of love to reach,
The truth of God by precept teach.
To welcome splendor stars increase,
Kiss iridescent bow of peace,
A government of sovereign man,
According to our Father's plan.

UNHUSHED ECHOES.

MRS. J. T. JENKINS SANG AT ATLANTA FOR LINCOLN, 1858.

TRUE echo notes of fifty-eight
I heard the other day:
Who sang for Lincoln long ago;
Whose curly hair is gray,
With youthful beauty still on cheek,
And voice as strong and clear;
For time so kindly treated her:
This age does now revere.
Her gentle nature always bright,
As when she sang in yore,
When Lincoln complimented her,
As Douglas had before.
Her eyes now sparkle spirit force,
When speaking of those years;
The breath of triumph bosom swells,
Reverberating cheers.

Whose voice inspired mighty crowd,
From speakers to vast throng,
The echoes still are heard on earth,
As time the sound prolong.

July 11, 1902.

When Lincoln arose, he said: "A man who could not make a speech being inspired by such music, has missed his avocation; it thrills as hope of future."

POETIC SILENT DREAM.

WRITTEN IN EXECUTIVE CORRIDOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

IT seemed I heard a Lincoln's voice,
That thrilled as voice of love,
And soft as echoes passing sound
Through corridors above.
Nor table shook on which I wrote:
I listened in surprise;
Impressive sound still lingered on,
As breathless echo dies.
Such voice I heard in living past,
That same peculiar sound,
As Lincoln's when supremely sad,
And thoughts were most profound.
Unconsciously the pen relaxed,
Intensified by theme;
Then wondered if the others heard,
Poetic silent dream.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29, 1897.

JABEZ CAPPS,

THE HEROIC CIVILIAN.

THY ninety and nine, bright record of time,
Prolific the years and supremely sublime,
Each decade has crowned as sheaves of the field,
And gleaming with good, pure purpose could yield.

The eve of last century gave in a vow,
The spark that had kindled life unto now,
That lighted as flame, as cheerful, as rife,
The hero of peace, of every-day life.

This century blooms with goodness of earth,
Each moment of time has given new birth,
Whilst painting the past with colors of gold,
Late science has read the fossils of old.

You planted and gathered that which was good,
And measured the ocean, on mountain have stood;



MR. JABEZ CAPPS.

JABEZ CAPPS.

You saw all that earth can offer to man,
And fought like a hero who finished his plan.

No bolt to thy crib, no lock to thy feed;
To give was thy pleasure, giving to need;
The child was thy hope, relief was thy care;
Thy comforts were those that others could share.

A century's arch time bridges for man;
The ninety and nine, munificent span!
To gather the wisdom decades display,
From chirp of the bird, to morning sunray.

The trail that was crooked knowing ne'er trod;
The mammon of earth was never thy god;
Thy life was as clean as marble's white shaft,
Despising to coin when molded by craft.

Thy views were as broad as heaven's expanse,
With soul that embraced each thought of advance.
Heroic civilian, gentleman, sage!
Thy life's an example crowning the age.

JABEZ CAPPS.

Philosopher's compass guided thy will;
The cup of thy neighbor ready to fill.
When others were happy, happy were you.
The life that you led, may others pursue.

Mt. Pulaski, Ills., April 1, 1896.

A GARLAND FOR EACH GRAVE.

THE mighty throng who died for peace
And freedom's sweetest homes;
Their gallant deeds can never die,
Then garland "sweet" their tombs.

Remember well the soldiers' charge,
Defenders of the right;
Give honor to their names in peace—
But glory in their fight.

In hurried march were hurled to where
'Twas carnage, blood and death;
'Twas willing sons, whose fathers fought
To their expiring breath.

Step lightly where they slumber now,
For sacred is that "spot;"
Immortal fame is theirs for time—
A name without a blot.

A GARLAND FOR EACH GRAVE.

They were our fathers, brothers, sons,
 Dear objects of "true love."—
And husbands, ever kind and true,
 Whose spirits live above.

Disturb no blade of grass, nor twig,
 But place upon each grave
A garland, fresh with fragrant bloom,
 Which earth so freely gave.

These emblems of pure love, give free—
 As earth has given you,
They'll freshen memory and love—
 As flowers are by dew.

Their fragrance, as eternal life
 Unfelt by human touch;
Their sweet aroma is unseen—
 Immortal life is such.

Sweet love untold, we ever owe
 The highest and most dear—
We love their deeds of valor, too—
 Then drop a kindred's tear.

A GARLAND FOR EACH GRAVE.

Their life and death, confirming faith
That makes our hearts feel light,
That death can only separate,
To meet, where all's delight.

Neglect no grave for want of friends,
Bestrew the humblest one;
They fought, they bled, all side by side,
And all have garlands won.

In coming time we'll meet again
On this green, sacred ground;
If not in life, may be in death,
Or when the trump shall *sound.*

Peoria, May 23, 1875.

PEERLESS LINCOLN.

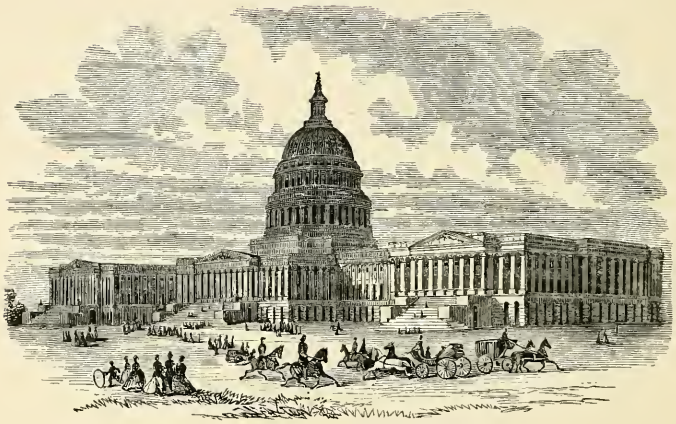
"THE HONOR, SIR, IS MINE."—PRINCE.

A GERMAN Prince, with wreath in hand,
The wealth of floral bloom,
Each blushing petal native scent,
American perfume.
On Lincoln's statue he has placed
In homage of his name,
With tender love as royal guest,
Expressive of his fame.
Events immortal cluster round
Where silence reigns supreme;
While flawless bronze exhibits man,
So sacred in esteem,
The shrine of freedom dear to each,
Adored by all the world,
The flag that Washington had raised
To freedom he unfurled.

PEERLESS LINCOLN.

Advancing ages struggled long
For destiny to call
The man surrounding every force
Who saved a nation's fall.
He stands above old pyramids,
The glory of the free;
And shafts of altitude look small
As we his image see.
Imperial luster's lost in glow,
Refulgence lighting space,
And highest type of moral force,
The peerless of his race.
There royalists can learn with pride
What liberty has done.
God waited long before He sent
Great freedom's dearest son.

Lincoln, Ills., March 4, 1902.



CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

LIFE AND HARMONY.

FROM depth of sea, to mountain peak,
Each form of life behold;
The microbe busy as he moves,
As other forms unfold.
The air is buzzing every shape,
Some purpose to perform,
That live in altitude or depth,
And multiplied by storm.
The tropic birds of plumage rare,
With throats that never tire,
Add pleasure to the ears of all,
Their instincts must admire.
The eagle rests on highest cliff
To hear the trilling bird;
Then flaps his wings in ecstasy,
At sound that he has heard.
Each bird adds pleasure to his mate,

No villain in the flock;
They mount the highest tree in grove,
The limbs of motion rock.
What harmony in nature seen,
While men do kill for fame.
Oh! cruel heart of wicked man,
The greed of self's to blame.

August 1, 1902.

TARTARIC.

HEART OF BACHELOR.

I LOOKED into a bachelor's heart
Of withered hopes and vows,
Promiscuous, and scattered 'round,
As yellow leaves on boughs.
A blooming rose with petals dropped,
In fragments of neglect;
A lily with a leafless stem,
The storm of passion wrecked.
Where'er I looked my eyes beheld
Some half-developed flower;
The blight of some peculiar form,
That lost maturing power.
The worst of all a jimson grew,
Where cultured rose should bloom;
And thistle head was peeping 'neath
In sunless spot of gloom.

August 6, 1902.

UPON THE NUPTIAL COURSE.

SIX weeks of honeymoon, and then,
Was followed by divorce,
For bliss and woe together met
Upon the nuptial course.
A flirting beauty was the bride,
A college Miss at that;
And mighty athlete, florid groom,
A master of the bat.
Volcanic passion soon was spent,
A change was sought in haste,
For want of love must separate,
Nor time together waste.
The broken vows the court confirmed,
To try their luck again,
Coquet of beauty passion urged,
But flirted now in vain.
Upon the streets you see her flirt,

UPON THE NUPTIAL COURSE.

Her artful signs display,
A withered lily bleached with vice,
Unnoticed by the gay.
The groom has dropped in depth below
The social cup of friends;
He lingers where no gentleman
A moment willful spends.

August 16, 1901.

TO RESCUE IS TO BLESS.

THE grandest act of life must be
To rescue child of woe!
When standing on the brink of depth,
Where tide and billows flow.
Deceived and tortured by a man,
Whose purest love he shared,
And driven from the humble home,
Through vacant darkness stared.
Her soul forsaken, trembling stood,
A hopeless, sobbing form;
No path to follow in the night,
In fury's dashing storm.
Just then a knight of valor heard
A female voice distressed,
Through lightning's flash discovered her,
Toward the object pressed.
A loving woman his surprise,

TO RESCUE IS TO BLESS.

Upon his saddle placed,
And to a gas-lit parlor took,
Her culture even graced.
She's now the mistress of that home,
Her husband, moral knight,
A double blessing when they met,
As two in love unite.

August 16 1901.

AND STILL I WONDER.

WHO dug the caverns of the deep,
And built the mountain peak;
And makes the thunder roll through space,
And ominous clouds to speak?
Who shaped the plastic into form,
And gave inertia powers;
Who formed the petals of the rose,
Gave fragrance, queen of flowers?
Who gave the rising sun his glow,
And then meridian light;
To drop beneath horizon's veil,
As stars appear in sight?
See plenum lunar deep in space,
And shed his silver beams;
And stars their multiplying rays,
Intensifying gleams.

AND STILL I WONDER.

Philosopher, come tell me what
True science can command;
Can intellectual altitude
Jehovah understand?

August 13, 1902.

THE KNIGHT OF THE KEY.

HE sits with fingers on the keys,
To him the lightning speaks,
As force of heaven he invites,
From cloud and mountain peaks.
The flashing powers must obey,
That smelts the iron ore,
Who speaks through ocean, depth of rock,
With sound from coast to shore.
All distance touched, pervading space,
No limits can retain;
It melts the blackest clouds of sky,
To mist and falling rain.
He sits with fingers on the key,
Commands the world of trade;
The knight of lightning has no peer,
That industry has made.

THE KNIGHT OF THE KEY.

The shrieking engine's at his will,
And safety of the trains,
The lives of millions at his touch,
Supreme in power reigns.

August 3, 1902.

MY FAREWELL.

WHEN I shall bid farewell to time,
May faith augment with hope;
With visions clad in loving truth,
Above time's rugged slope.
To comprehend events that show
The glory of God's power;
The realistic changes that
As seconds crowned the hour.

When fear has fled, increasing love,
The truths of Christ be plain;
The spirit ready for events,
New inspiration gain:
And never think of death or night,
As brightness shall increase;
Transition in its silent force,
My spirit shall release.

August 2, 1902.

SCIENCE AND THE TRUST.

NO mountain peak too high,
Or ocean depth too deep,
But science can apply
And riches from it reap.
The sterile rock must hold
Some fertilizing dust,
Or silica or gold
Developed by a trust.

The rising solar rays
Gives potency to form,
The intricate displays
In calmness or in storm;
Gives color to the rose,
And fragrance ever must,
Continued life bestows.
Are rays not in the trust?

August 16, 1902.

WAIT THE HARVEST.

RAISE your grain before you sell,
Seasons fail to make a crop;
Let the thresher doubt dispel,
If the prices even drop;
Let the Board of Trade alone,
King of soil, keep what you own.

August 16, 1902.

LIFE'S PURPOSE MADE SUBLIME.

BEFORE the sun his orbit found,
And darkness reigned supreme,
Intelligence was brooding life,
Jehovah highest theme.

Our being stands as monument
Of that triumphant plan,
The atoms of creation put
In form of living man.

To realize stupendous fact,
Experience and thought,
And years of study may unveil,
Past observation taught.

We are and must forever be
Jehovah's loving child,
Whose highest law, unselfish love,
No mortal has exiled.

First sound that ever passed the lips,
Jehovah understood,
Inherency that nature gave,
Responded with her food.

By slow development we gain
The use of words and feet,
As mind evolves and thoughts create,
Life's purposes to meet.

The years mature to fullness, grace,
In mind and person, sound,
To ask ourselves, what is our aim,
As sun and stars go round?

Some grand, exalted mission waits,
Be ready for the call;
Behold the Babe of Bethlehem,
Example for us all.

Look forward, let the past alone,
To use the moment right,
We're here through God's eternal love,
Uplifted by His might.

LIFE'S PURPOSE MADE SUBLIME.

Pollute no second as we go,.
The richest gift is time.
We'll reach the grand domains of love,
Life's purpose made sublime.

April 20, 1902

FRESH KNOWLEDGE TO PURSUE.

THE colors bend in faultless blue,
Grand iridescent bow;
It follows storm of wildest rage,
God's laws of wisdom show.

When thunder's hushed and flash is hid
In quietude of space;
The heavens, as a glass, reflects
The calmness of His grace.

Then drooping rose new beauty lends,
The bending lilies rise:
And gladness mingles with the scent,
The joy of new surprise.

And such it ever was and is,
And ever shall be so;
In rapture let the heart be glad;
In faith all things may know.

FRESH KNOWLEDGE TO PURSUE.

As every hour developed truth,
That passes in review;
From ocean depth to zenith find
Fresh knowledge to pursue.

August 13, 1902.

BRAVE DEATH.

DEATH is no Coward! neither a Slave!
Soft are his hands, and warm is his grave—
Tender in touch, and noiseless as Sleep:
Closing the eyes that bitterness weep;
Stopping the heart that's throbbing in pain;
Soothing the fears when racking the brain;
Moistens the brow with dew of relief;
Hushing the moans of torturing grief;
Resting the mind in halo of light;
Adding soft wings for soul to take flight;
Op'ning the portals, swinging his will;
Ecstasy crowning Soul with a thrill—
Beaming in wonder; smiling in love;
Spirit of mortal; angel above.
Death the true hero—never a Slave!
Ready in purpose; dauntless as brave:
Radiates hope unclouded by frowns:
Beggar of Time with happiness crowns;

BRAVE DEATH.

Child of Neglect he rescues from foes,
Giving a place in which to repose.
(Woe to the one—inviting Death's rod--
Self to destroy—insulting his God!)
Death in his flight all ages has blest,
Seeking the helpless. Spirits give rest.

January 22, 1900.

CHRIST.

IF Christ should have died, just brave as a man,
Who measures by law or digital span,
His glory would beam like halcyon sun,
And chanted by men, "the carpenter's son."

If Christ could have died, as hero of fame,
And measured by deeds that heroes can claim,
The sage and the scholar, bowing in pride,
Would claim as their hero, Mars, who had died.

If Christ had have died, as mortals must die,
Whose mission was clear, who none dare deny,
All kingdoms and powers would bow as in dust,
Proclaiming His mission as lawful and just.

If Christ might have died, as an angel of power,
Who gave us the sun that measures the hour,
The world in delight would sing His just praise,
And laud to the zenith, and walk in His ways.

But Christ was to die, a God on the earth,
Who came as a God, tho' humble in birth.
Whilst nothing He claimed, His Father above
Proclaimed to the world, the Son of My love.

He died as a God, as creatures ne'er die,
He offered Himself, beloved on high—
Accepting the cross, whose pangs were but love,
Enraptured in good that came from above.

He, born as a God, all law, His own power,
No law to create, He fashioned the hour,
No law to control, His person or time—
When He should appear in person sublime.

He died as the meek and lowly of earth,
Yet mystery hid His coming and birth,
That challenged the world, from manger to grave,
Philosophy silenced—as power, the slave.

His birth as creation, measured by none,
Acknowledged by sage; mysterious son,
Who moved through the world the shadow of God,
Who carried no purse and carried no rod.

CHRIST.

His birth as creation, glorious thought—
Unmeasured by man, the glory He wrought,
Who lives in His power, majestic in might,
The teacher of man, the heaven-born Light.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS ON A SNOWY DAY.

FROM DEW TO FLAKE, TO MIST AND TEAR.

SEE snow of crystal beauty fly
A dewdrop formed to flake—
But yesterday it hung on rose,
Or spray upon the lake.
To-morrow mist to gorge a cloud,
To break on ocean wave,
Augmenting wildest tide of storm;
Next day a tear on grave.

I may not know God's potent ways,
Exalted as they are,
But think they are in altitude
As sun above the star.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS ON A SNOWY DAY.

The rising orb displays his might,
 Meridian must adorn;
While setting glory magnifies
 Again the coming morn.

And such a change since chaos was
 When atoms first embraced,
Mutation lending energy,
 Electrifying space.
With pleasure I behold all this,
 Tho' may not understand,
Till portals open to my view
 Creator's wisdom planned.

By faith we look thro' portals closed,
 Thro' works of God on earth;
Which evidence He multiplies,
 In glorifying birth;
His Son, the majesty of life,
 And splendor of the Cross;
Whose sandal prints lead in the path
 Where truth sustains no loss.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS ON A SNOWY DAY.

To follow prints, supreme the height,
When height of glory reach,
Where manger and the Cross are known,
And angels lessons teach;
There we shall learn exalted ways,
And human limits break,
Augment in intellect and truth,
To glory new awake.

December 13, 1901.

'NEATH THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS.

'NEATH chestnut boughs with open burrs,
Behold brown chestnut crop;
As flying leaves in yellow sere,
With burrs in autumn drop.
See farmer boys and neighbor girls,
Among the leaves, they pick
From opened burrs the ripened nuts;
The hands of childhood prick.
How oft you hear the old folks talk,
When locks are silver gray,
In one big basket gathered nuts,
To them was joy and play.
They rambled through the woodland drear,
And drank from flowing rill,
When love was budding in two hearts,
And kissed behind the hill.

And when the sun in glow withdrew,
The crescent came to light;
They lingered in a spell of joy
To count the stars of night.

September 10, 1902.

CÆSAR'S TIMES.

WE lavish honors on the man
Who plays on golden lyre;
We kiss the hand that touches strings,
Applauding and admire.
We stud the sword that's crimson stained,
Still dripping blood that's warm;
Build shaft to those who flirted blade,
While others met the storm.
Has Cæsar's times returned again,
The spirit of his age;
Controlling every nation now,
His vanity, the rage?
Display in color, wealth and power,
With bridle bits of gold;
Rough rider's stirrup, studded steel,
As Cæsar's was of old?

CÆSAR'S TIMES.

The boom of cannon lauding men,
Their vanity to swell;
Whose highest virtue is his show,
A Cæsar may excel.

September 23, 1902.

BY THE FLOODING STREAM.

LING'RING by the flooding stream,
Ready for the crossing, stand;
Crescent bending slow its gleam,
While the banks are crumbling sand.

Waiting for the wings of death,
Pinions of eternal love;
Love of life in every breath,
Gates ajar we see above.

Anxious moments touch the heart,
Trepidation stirs the mind;

BY THE FLOODING STREAM.

Forces linger as we start,
Breathing links to earth shall bind.

World of beauty we admire,
Grateful decades we enjoyed;
Life's ambition did inspire,
Mental forces have employed.

Life has been grand harvest field,
Daily learning, purpose gained;
Future pleasure it shall yield,
God of love has e'er sustained.

August 6, 1902.

WHO DIRECTS?

THE swiftest moment brings a change,
Divinity must guide;
The storm that makes the billows roll,
That swells the highest tide;

WHO DIRECTS?

That stirs the depths of ocean bed,
And pebbles bring to shore;
And changing limits of the beach
It never can restore.
The moment sends the thunderbolt,
As if by some command,
That scatters proudest mountain peak,
Reduced to crystal sand.
The shaft of death the moment hurls,
And brings the mighty low;
The king or president must fall,
When destiny springs bow.
The moment sends the cartridge swift,—
But who directs the ball?
A vacant chair to meet the gaze,
While God rules over all.

October 3, 1902.



DEFEAT AUGMENTS THE BLOW.

THIS disappointment whets the axe,
To make a keener edge;
Augmenting blows of flying chips,
Redeems some loving pledge.

Erects the cabin and the home,
And plants the field of wheat;
And fortifies 'gainst want and cold,
Prepares in shade a seat.

Yes; disappointment opens wide
The gates that fate had locked,
To find the object of his search,
Where ne'er before had knocked.

Ignites ambition like a torch,
Transforming dawn to light;
To realize what life is for,
When duty leads to height.

DEFEAT AUGMENTS THE BLOW.

Refines the mind, ennobles heart,
Adds pinions to our souls;
To soar in altitude of thought,
And life for good controls.

August 13, 1901.

THE LAMP OF FAITH.

THE lamp of faith the brighter burns
When darkness hides the way;
For on the lamp we then depend,
Nor from the path then stray.

We grip it tighter, winding on,
To feel that we are right;
We cherish it as ne'er before,
As blackness shrouds the night.

The light augmenting to our eyes,
From taper to a flame,

We follow it on verge of depth,
 Till morn the sun can claim.

When faith has brought us safely through,
 What glory we express;
Rejoicing with our faith increased,
 To God forever bless.

August 31, 1902.

IN GLORY TO ABIDE.

HE breathed the poor man's air,
 And ate the poor man's fish;
The poor man's sun His light,
 The poor man's fruit His dish.
Ne'er owned an inch of land,
 Nor vessel on the sea,
Yet stars He could command,
 And souls from sin set free.
His word would hush the storm,

IN GLORY TO ABIDE.

His touch the leper heal;
Make dust put on a form,
And stop the thunder's peal.
He told the dying, wake,
The blind restored to light;
He walked upon the lake,
Potential in His might.
On poor man's cross was nailed,
Triumphantly He died,
As poor man's sun was veiled,
In glory to abide.

August 17, 1902.



EARTH'S CENTER ELECTRIC CELL.

OUR science searches wisdom's track,
From atom to the ray;
Phenomenon the starting point,
That leads us in the way.
The works of God so wondrous new,
Each atom leaves its mark,
The ray of sun from distant orb,
Or the electric spark.
The seconds, changes shining stars,
As moving planets roll
Through space no limits know, as yet,
God's fiat must control.
Oh! cycles, still unmeasured time,
Evolving in thy force;
Perpetual changes you have taught,
Mutation and its source.
Oh! lense, increase thy power more,
And human sight augment;
O'er portals of eternal truth,

The bow of promise bent.
When earth was hurled in atmosphere,
A hollow, vacant space
Remained in center of the globe,
Inflation held in place.
Metallic walls forever stay,
The cavern without heat,
Electric cavity as cell
Or battery complete.
Dynamic friction setting free,
Centrifugal in force,
A constant current forcing out,
From that electric source,
To meet the surface of the earth,
And qualify the soil;
To give life, energy and growth,
And recompense for toil.
Who'll drill three thousand miles of crust,
Its power to apply;
To drive the wheels and shafts of steel,
And even wings to fly?

September 19, 1902.

THE HOURS MAKE THE DAYS.

THERE is no miracle to those
Who, laws, can comprehend;
But man's a miracle to self,
Till force of will can bend.
We live but scarcely know for what,
With undeveloped mind;
We take the shadow for the form,
Neglected truth to find.
The first to learn is worth of time,
The step that leads to height;
But keep your hand upon the rail,
The object, clear in sight.
And every day ascend a step,
In learning something new;
You'll soon be where in confidence,
See grandeur come in view,

THE HOURS MAKE THE DAYS.

The spark becomes a lurid flame
When fanned into a blaze;
Then count the minutes in the hour,
For they become the days

August 10, 1902.

TRANSMUTATION GRAND.

FROM shell, vibrating locust came
Equipped with wings to fly;
The shell in which he lived so long,
Is dead, as it is dry.
A marvel to a poet's mind,
The transmutation grand:
The death of shell is life to young,
By wisdom, nature planned.
The life that follows such a change,
Seems endless as is grace;
Our spirit leaves the shell of death,

TRANSMUTATION GRAND.

To live in higher space.
The dust remains, the soul to rise,
Transformed by laws divine.
I saw the locust leave his shell,
Transmuted every line;
On wings he wafted through the air,
My eyes admiring shape.
How wondrous are the laws of God!
My thoughts could not escape:
Augmenting faith in all His ways.
How thankful we should feel,
The hope of immortality
To comprehend as real.

July 7, 1902.

INFINITY AND FINITE.

THE finite lingers round the verge
That separates the two,
The infinite can never reach,
But have His works in view.

INFINITY AND FINITE.

We stand upon the oldest rock
That chaos threw in shape,
To see what science long has taught,
Where billows lave the cape.
We watch the tide like mountains roll,
Then see it ebbing slow;
In awe we stand and think of God,
How little still we know.
Instinctive love enriches thought,
As faith in bosom swells;
And hope grows brighter as we look,
His power still propels.
We see the long and lingering rays,
Beneath horizon's brim;
In robes of night we go to sleep,
Committing soul to Him.

August 3 1902.

DROPS AND WORDS.

HOW drops of rain may change a stalk;
We see the fields adorn.
When curling from the summer heat,
Bring forth great ears of corn.
How words of kindness may change life,
When dropped from lips of truth;
Reviving drooping spirits oft,
To energetic youth.
How kiss of love imbues her soul,
When self-condemned in haste,
To gather courage, hope revives,
Remaining 'mong the chaste.
How little drops, and whispered words,
Lend strength to plant and man,
To feed and comfort in distress
Is God's eternal plan.

July 18, 1901.

THE DIM PLANET IN WHICH THEY WERE BORN.

IN the valley of death, at the verge of the grave,
Where the shadows of darkness appear,
Still, true, positive hope, may dash back the cold wave
Whilst the spirit is lingering here.

So one gentle, true word in the ear of a friend,
May give strength to a soul in despair—
Or one foolish, harsh word a good name may descend,
And how little some persons do care.

Could we fathom the ocean of hearts in despair,
And there learn the sad conflicts and fight,
We would see that in many, we caused a large share
Of the scars that we made with delight.

Would you pity the ones who are struggling with fate,—
Yet the world may still laugh them to scorn—
Turn your pity to love, then your soul cannot hate
The dim planet in which they were born.

Springfield, Ills., September 3, 1872.

TO THY KEEPING.

I E'ER commit myself to Thee,
Yes, ever to Thy keeping;
When toil brings sweat upon my brow
Or in repose am sleeping.

I here commit myself to Thee,
When in the field a reaping;
Or on the engine whirling speed,
Or in despair am weeping.

In faith commit myself to Thee
Whatever I am doing,
Where duty calls relieve distress,
Life's mission am pursuing.

Forever I commit my soul
To Thy eternal keeping,
To dwell with Thee in happy space,
While dust in grave is sleeping.

October 15, 1902.

A CENTURY TOO LATE.

TO load ourselves with too much wealth
And deep, depressing care,
Is like the overladen car,
We see the danger there.
The smoking box already tells
The engineer to wait;
Another mile must heat increase,
Destroying life and freight.
'Tis thus with nations as with men:
Ambition loads them down,
The politician sees the gems
That glitter in a crown.
Expansion gathers mighty load,
While piling up the greed,
O'erloading governmental wheels,
No time nor grade would heed.

A CENTURY TOO LATE.

'Tis friction with its freighted load,
That heats the box of State,
The little politician learns,
A century too late.

September 26, 1902.

CLIMATIC FORCES.

THE leafless trees are whipping air;
The frost of morning flies;
The earth is robed in crystal snow,
See sun in splendor rise,
In harmony all things unite;
Perfection matter blends;
To feel December is not May
When bloom its fragrance lends.

The changing seasons, oh! how grand;
To meet the wants of man:
Variety conforming life
As climate only can.



The leafless trees are whipping air;
The frost of morning flies.

CLIMATIC FORCES.

The icy winds with oxygen
As pure as infant smiles:
While disinfecting snow removes
What often air defiles.

Inhaling air so pure and cool
Must oxidize the blood,
And fill the arteries with flow,
A healthful throbbing flood:
Fills wrinkle gorges full of life,
With blush upon the cheeks;
Puts vigor in the steps of each,
Longevity bespeaks.

Increasing thought and love for God,
And every human child;
While swelling hope in future life,
The force of hate exiled.
This day shall bless the old and young,
And every thought that's pure.
December day, the charm of all
The seasons, can secure.

December 14, 1901.

THE FATAL FALL.

I SAW the fledgeling fall from nest,
Then dying from the fatal fall;
With open bill it gasped for breath,
While hearing mother's anxious call.

A little strength in fledgeling's wing,
Deceived the happy, dreaming bird.
There's danger in the leap of youth,
Too late the mother's call is heard.

PEBBLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

CREEPING and climbing for life,
Bravest ambition has strife.
Creeping on knees of the child,
Infantile pleasure how wild!

Motion the glory of play,
Juvenile powers display.
Breathing the budding of March,
Roses adorning the arch,
Childhood is plucking the flowers,
Minutes developing hours,
Infancy changing to youth,
Manhood now seeking for truth.

Creeping and climbing for life,
Mental and cosmic force rife,
Either the mind to employ,
Faculties e'er to enjoy.
Higher and higher we mount,
Cascades are seen, but not fount,
Weary and languid we rest,
Viewing the mountain snow crest.
Pluck holds to bush of the slope,
Grit is still sparkling with hope,
Slow we ascend to the goal,
Pebbles from mountain to roll.

PEBBLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Onward and upward we go,
Forest and vineyards below,
Nature there blooming and green,
Altitude changing the scene.
Beautiful foot-hills we passed,
Shadow of night overcast.
Distance is lingering still,
Twining ambition and skill;
Years spent in forest of youth,
Moss overgrown with truth;
Reaching the belt of the snow,
Learning how little we know.

Struggles of knowledge begin,
Rising by little they win;
Snow in the distance ahead,
Birds of this region have fled.
Progress is slow, but we climb,
Powers are gaining with time,—
Desperate contest pursue,
Energy fresh, must renew,
Pinnacle then to embrace,

PEBBLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Gaining through labor and grace,
Pebble from mountain to roll,
Gratifies mind and the soul.
August 6, *1900*.

WHERE LINCOLN STOOD. *

INSCRIBED TO S. LINN BEIDLER.

I STOOD where once a Lincoln stood,
Pulaski's highest knoll;
Whose legal light then dimly burned,
As wick in larded bowl.
Was destiny then veiled to him,
Or could he see beyond,
And know the winding path that led
To freedom of the bond?
He knew what bondage was in fact,
He saw it in his youth,
And never soared so high in thought,
But what he weighed in truth.
The impress of his mind was felt,
A silent force he had;
He molded men as bending twig,
That touched ambitious lad.

Yes, destiny he helped to shape,
From duty ne'er would shirk;
He felt his mission every day,
With pleasure did his work.

August 9, 1902.

*The influence he exerted on my young brother, S. Linn Beidler, followed him to his grave.

THE FROSTED ROSE.

TO GOVERNOR YATES.

STAND firm for right, and never bend
To party or to wrong;
Your father stood for equal rights,
And in that faith was strong.

To hide the truth in ocean depth,
The billows kiss to rise;
To toss on crested waves in sight,
The guilty may surprise.

THE FROSTED ROSE.

Let not a blot the pages stain,
Connected with your name;
"War Governor of Illinois,"
Can wreath of laurels claim.

The stars that never hide at night,
Astronomers admire;
And mariners can follow it,
As you can follow sire.

To do his duty every day,
A Lincoln's modest pride;
The frosted rose that lost its scent,
Will never do for bride.

August 28, 1902.

STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.

FROM firmament he might have fell,
But no one lived who tried to tell;
For such exotic man was he,
And yet he was just what we see;
In brilliancy like star of night,
Whose thoughts as shuttle in its flight,
Was weaving texture grand as new;
It was his pleasure to pursue:
Who had no equal, living then,
As great as were the Southern men.
How little now we of him hear;
The South once loved and did revere.
The rocks in quarry wait for craft,
With hands to build a granite shaft,
To native grandeur of a man—
The stream of destiny could span.

June 16, 1902.

IN LAP OF DESTINY.

TO MRS. INEZ M. GILLETT.

THE Miss of beauty from the East,
Became a queen at will;
In her true loveliness, like fount
That bubbles from the hill.
Vivacity, inherent force,
As rose in field of wheat,
The gods of old would bend to such—
Kiss dust of sandaled feet.

Accomplished in all female arts,
From school of olden fame;
And ready for events of time,
Or blow the spark to flame.
Yet modest as the April snow,
That melts in dropping flakes;
The West an open field for her,
New energy awakes.

IN LAP OF DESTINY.

The gods of destiny controlled
 The steps of noble youth;
Removed the boulders in her path,
 Through mist beheld the truth.
Her hand was sought to higher step,
 As queen to great domains;
She watched horizon's changing lines,
 But still a maid remains.

A blooming youth bowed at her feet,
 With protestations long;
She breathed their fragrance, wild they were,
 Their scent as sweet as strong.
She felt her heart increase the pulse,
 The throb her bosom swell:
A palpitation agitate,
 'Midst hidden tear that fell.

Momentous moment, halting fate,
 Anxiety astir—
Events were shaping destiny,
 Accept if she prefer.

IN LAP OF DESTINY.

Deep contemplation, wake in dreams,
With shock of languid thrill;
Examined heart, "What shall I do,
To destiny fulfill?"

To hymeneal altar led,
While struggling in her mind;
The two united vows of love,
With wreath of hope entwined.
The sun ne'er set in brighter glow,
Upon a loving bride;
Morn's luminosity awoke,
With husband of her pride.

The years as tropic winds pass by,
With sunshine and with rains;
The wealth of heritage now crowned,
Expanding level plains.
In midst of health and social power,
Her robes of blackness tell,
A loving husband in his youth,
From slow disease had fell.

IN LAP OF DESTINY.

Yet not a charm in sorrow lost,
That modesty imbues;
The stars of night shine bright to her,
As clouds are changing hues.
A charming character in life,
Of womanhood in truth;
For such must bless the world for time,
Age never robs of youth.

July 30, 1902.

TENTLESS FIELD.

TO HENRY C. PARKER, PAST COMMANDER OF LEO W. MEYERS POST, G. A. R.

HE'S marching on the tentless field
To grandest music of the sky.
New tactics now to him revealed,
As hingeless portals open fly.

From field to field in noiseless tread,
 As millions greet him on his march,
And meeting comrades long were dead,
 While passing 'neath triumphal arch.

What scenes of rapture meet the gaze!
 What melody to martial ear!
While hosts in glory fringe the ways,
 As new enchantments still appear.

Grand plains, on plains, in distance show
 Bright armies of celestial joy,
As corps on corps each other know,
 To meet and then again deploy.

No gun is heard, nor cannon's boom,
 No shrill command as columns start,
No smoke of camp, no fear of doom
 Disturbs the soldier's joyful heart.

No craggy peaks or rocks to scale,
 Nor raging floods to cross at night,
No danger of red flaming hail—
 Where peace adjusts the wrongs to right.

There, private's blouse is spotless fair,
The equal of a Grant, or Lee,
With every privilege that they share,
And given honor, or decree.

Each soul is moved to higher space
Through corridors of endless truth,
The hoary sage enrobed in grace,
While soldier steps in ardent youth.

What mind can fathom tired soul?
Who leaves this life so sick and faint?
Feel change that beings there control,
Converting soldier into saint.

Ordained by God, the faithful man
Controls the destinies of state;
Who lives the life the honest can,
And fetters break of sordid fate.

Dissolving clods that cover grave—
Spring's new-born rays shall sprout in green,
While freedom's soldier, honest, brave,
Is marching where to us unseen,

TENTLESS FIELD.

The footprints of devoted friends
Shall mark the sod by verdant mound,
While loving wife oft o'er him bends,
Where stillness lingers, solace's found.

IN MEMORY OF REV. JOHN HERSHEY, BISHOP.

MY FATHER'S IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN MAN.

A Mennonite of the New School who lived about four miles east of Hummelstown, Dauphin Co., Penn., and died about 1850, at sixty years of age. He preached father's funeral sermon at Middletown, February, 1849. As a boy I held him in high esteem, and now in the autumn of life I offer this to his loving memory.

HOKE BEIDLER.

January 16, 1902.

TO A DEVOUT MENNONITE.

HIS black fur hat was broad in brim,
A modest style preferred by him;
And Quaker coat of brownish shade,
So carefully by brother made.

IN MEMORY OF REV JOHN HERSHEY, BISHOP.

Of Christlike bearing, full of care—
Such fruitful men on earth are rare.
Whose facial lines subdued with grace,
Obedience stamped cultured face.
Deep, gentle goodness, ardent heart,
Who followed Christ, the Cross his chart.

A Mennonite who knew no guile,
Nor vulgar thought could such defile.
Each motive pure as purling brook,
Nor would betray by smile or look.
With tender care instructing youth,
Whose lips could speak naught but the truth.
His pulse ne'er gave deceptive beat;
With joy the humblest child would greet;
A benediction in his smile
To high or low, if good or vile.

In pulpit, eloquence and force,
The plainest truth imbued discourse.
No doubt e'er bloomed on fruitful tree;
His bloom and fruit in growth agree,

His faith as sun rays, warm and bright,
Whose mind was always shedding light.
Devotion guided every step,
And at the cross of Jesus wept;
Who followed Him from stream to mount,
And only drank at holy fount.

Such pure religion never ends,
With God's promotion ever blends.
How few there are like him to-day,
Those higher virtues to display.
Doth Christ withhold His power now?
Do men no longer to Him bow?
Is this the age of wealth and gain,
A rich output of what is vain?
As waves are colored now with gore,
Wherever billows find a shore.

Who turned the other cheek when smote,
Direct command and not remote?
Yet none so humble, meek and low,
But first impulse returns the blow:

IN MEMORY OF REV. JOHN HERSHEY, BISHOP.

Sublime the act, yet age ignores
Philosophy that peace restores.
The smitten cheek now blushes rage,
For sword doth move the present age,
To rob the heavens of their stars,
Erecting shaft to lurid Mars.

THE VOICELESS PLANET.

REVOLVING star in silent space,
In rapturous glory shine,
Who gave thee motion, twinkling rays,
With light that seems divine?

Oh! voiceless planet, child of space,
And shedding light so free,
Who placed thee in thy orbit there
For human eyes to see?

Now twinkle sound, or trace in blue
Some message we can learn,

THE VOICELESS PLANET.

With pen of flaming lightning, write
For students to discern.

What potency directs thy course,
And makes thee disappear;
Return at eve in glory lit,
The human heart to cheer?

Tho' seem to hang on finger end,
In touch with sovereign will,
We stand and gaze through distant space,
And mind with wonder fill.

Interrogation to repeat
With faith, the night can't hide,
The God who gave thee light, gave me;
In Him I shall abide.

March 13, 1901.

BABY RUTH.

THE scent from opening bud,
The morning sun has kissed,
When dewdrops hang on petal lips
As crystal gathered mist.

The sweetest smiles that childhood gives
When sounding its first word;
And innocence yet knows no blush,
Or anger, passion stirred.

The wisdom of eternal court
Displayed in every line;
The image of all purity,
Direct from the Divine.

To cheer parental heart of love,
Exalting hope with truth,
While childhood lingers on the lap
Like prattling little Ruth.

September 20, 1902.



BABY RUTH WOODWARD.

THE FIVE DOCTORS.

BEFORE the town had trees to shade,
Before a sidewalk even laid,
When Rubicon would flood the place,
And hounds were waiting for the chase,—
Five doctors met from diverse states.
And in the town each one locates,
Nor was it strange for each was right,
As circumstances did invite.

In early days those doctors met,
As destiny their scalpels whet,
Grand Leeds who moves without display,
The Æsculapius to-day.
Then Sargent and brave Miller came,
And noble Simms,—we love his name,
Three sleep in conscious rest of right,
While spirits waft in fresh delight.

The name of Sargent stands for him
Whose virtues time can ne'er bedim;
Who never from his duty shrank,
But at the fount of knowledge drank.
As kind, as firm, so gentle, true—
Had love of all he ever knew:
Ne'er sick neglected day or night,
Profession'l honors gained of right.

How oft in counsel had we met,
That mem'ry never can forget,
Among the helpless and the sick, —
Exhausted oil extinguished wick.
When skill and remedies had failed,
Persistent death at last prevailed,
Together stood in anguish keen,
Yet dare not shrink from such a scene.

A man of qualities so rare—
And hopes too high to folly share,
With mind as deep as purpose wide,
And poised the right to then decide.

Life's highest purpose was his art,
In science delved with brain and heart;
Profession'l altitude he gained,
Whose reputation life sustained.

But Ambross Miller luster shed,
(Who followed slow, triumphant led,)
Upon the art he served so long—
With mental vigor, purpose strong.
Ideas lofty, true to friend,
Whose qualities harmonious blend,—
A type of elegance of style,
Who approbated with a smile.

As "scutched" December chestnut trees—
Fall robbed of burrs, twixt frost and freeze,
Yet stand preserved, and firm and sound,
With chestnuts lying on the ground,
So Leeds and Beidler firmly stand,
As by the shifting winds are fanned,
And gladly still their time would share
In writing poems or health repair.
June, 1902.

MYSTERIOUS LOVE DIVINE.

TO MRS. KATHERINE HANSLOW.

SOME grand, mysterious love divine,
Imbues the Christian heart;
Which guides the steps in paths of right,
From which they ne'er depart.

In faith and hope they grow in grace,
Benevolent and kind;
When imitating Master's life,
Consoling pleasure find.

They prop the bough when laden bent,
And bring the lambs to fold;
Their life a fount to slaken thirst,
And shelter from the cold.

A living treasure to the world,
For Christ the world supplies;
To ask is to receive from Him,
From fount that never dries.

May 8, 1902.

HON. S. A. FOLEY, OF LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

THE spur of thoughts, events may drive,
Ambition must with labor thrive,
Whose loving mother being gave,
With heart as true as spirit brave;
To her he owed all—potent worth,
Nobility must come with birth;
Directing him in paths of truth,
To shape event of stalwart youth,
The echoes of his mother heard,
Her intonation blessing word;
Whose iridescent bow God bent,
When sad'ning storm had forces spent.
From lap to school to soon promote,
First lesson on the blackboard wrote;
Exhibits talent not to hide,
The careful mother's constant pride;

The culture of his fertile mind,
Its altitude in life must find.
Capacity developed soon,
His sun was rising, 'twas high noon:
On him the robe of ermine fell,
An upright judge, the few excel,
True manhood stood for justice true,
And still in worth he higher grew.
In eminence still gaining fast,
Resources now becoming vast;
Whate'er he touched he could propel.
'Tis Lincoln now with pride can tell:
Whose culture shows with open hand,
True impulse of his heart expand,
With soul, and purse, and labor too,
The walls of structure come in view,
Perpetual monument and pride,
Unstinted energy applied.
Unselfish purpose gains applause,
Nor could there be a grander cause.
Great qualities in him unite,

HON. S. A. FOLEY, OF LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

Mankind to better for the right.
Oh, Freedom! in thy onward tread,
The souls of men our Freedom led.
In peace and war they come and go,
As iridescent promised bow.
While star of night shall shed a ray
Upon the walls of Carnegie,
The name of Foley with its fate,
Fame's echoes shall reverberate.

Jnne 26, 1902.

SPIRIT'S FLIGHT.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES C. MAXWELL.

THE spirit wings were seen by him,
In silence to delay;
The flight of soul in ebbing breath,
Like rays that pass away.
As eyes were closed, the portals swung,

SPIRIT'S FLIGHT.

The soul the whispers heard
Among the angels waiting there,
But not an oral word.
His spark of hope became a flame,
A beacon light of love;
From zone to zone until he reached
The open gates above.
The change so marvelous to mind,
As joy enraptured soul;
The silent glory so profound,
The moments there control.
Death had no sting that life had feared
Nor hidden pangs of mind;
Immortal gain, the spirit found
To mortals undefined.

September 22, 1889.

MR. FRANK FRORER, OF GERMAN PLUCK.

THE sold'ring iron, hammer, shears,
His implements of trade.
With German character of worth,
His wealth's foundation laid.

The ardor of his nature drove
Him constant to his work,
The busy youth ne'er lost an hour,
Nor never learned to shirk.

Developed manhood found its place,
Resourceful and alert.
To find the coal within the earth,
Yet trade would not desert.

To-day the monument of toil,
The man of wealth and name;
His industry has raised him high,
And honors he can claim.

MR. FRANK FRORER, OF GERMAN PLUCK.

Yet modesty controls the man,
Inherency from birth,
Ambition now is satisfied
As character of worth.

August 5, 1902.

MR. JOHN WYATT, LINCOLN'S FIRST PROMOTER.

A MENTAL giant full of hope,
The impetus of pride;
Who boomed the village in its youth,
He cherished as a bride.
He viewed the future, as we see
The growth of culture show,
A City saw, where vastness spreads
And streams to rivers flow.

We'll carve his name on granite shaft
As Lincoln's truest friend;
We owe it, as a debt to one
Ambition did defend.

Prognosticating fame and worth,
Now City in her prime.
The name of Wyatt lives in fame
And brighter grows with time.

July 31, 1902.

INGERSOLL.

NE'ER FOUND HIS IDEAL ROUTE.

YES! eagle like he soared away,
Through blue ethereal doubt;
Bewildered in his altitude,
He missed the plainest route.
In realms of distance, dawn and night
Increased his soul's dismay;
The atmosphere was cold and rare,
Without a solar ray.
He spread his pinions wider still,
Augmenting now his speed;
Ambition throbbing, flutt'ring heart,
No distant star to lead.

But still he winged in starless space,
In chilliness alone;
He found no spot where he could rest,
No footstool 'neath the throne.
When energy was spent, and hope,
He dropped in deeper doubt;
But in his trackless depth of space,
Ne'er found ideal route.
God let him flutter in his path,
To rescue him at last;
Whose mercy doth extend through space,
Wherever anchor's cast.

August 14, 1902.

TO MR. FRED KOEHNLE.

THE efforts of a boy took wings
And gathered strength with flight;
Until he gained the altitude,
Ambition gaining height.

TO MR. FRED KOEHNLE.

The billows of the ocean's wrath
The boy could not dismay;
To find a land that has no crown
Nor royalties display.

Upon the tide of freedom, rose
Youth's sparks ignited flame,
As clerk of court ambition gained
Proficiency his aim.

In hoary-headed grandeur stands,
And honored as the few,
A foreign boy of highest worth
To opulence, soon grew.

Lincoln, Ills., August 5, 1902.

LIKE UNTO MOSES.

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. ISAAC WISE.

A RIPPLING stream of ancient blood
Supplied his heart's red crystal flood.
Three thousand years, ne'er changing course,
It gathered volume and new force;
Remaining pure, evolving kind,
Augmenting force to soul and mind;
Transplanted then to soil and clime
Where freedom's blooming all the time—
He grew, the marvel of the age,
Beloved thinker, noble sage.

A monosyllable for name—
What love and reverence can claim.
Harmonious echoes understood,
And seed he planted, always good;
His heart, a moral force to brain,
In altitude new powers gain.

LIKE UNTO MOSES.

Like Moses, climbed to highest mount,
Then striking rock, reformer's fount.
Now living currents, swelling flow,
As ages pass the stream shall grow.

He grasped the times, of thought and deeds
Advancing higher, still proceeds.
The portals of new era swings,
His brightest hopes, his people brings.
No waiting in his onward flight,
Obtaining wisdom in his height.
A ripe Gamaliel of power,
To meet the wants of present hour.
New Zion framed, and built it grand,
As he could see Jehovah planned.

As Israelite he knew no guile—
Great throbbing heart, impelling smile.
His mental force as wide as space,
Whose soul was fount of normal grace.
His mighty brain, like ocean still,
Ten thousand rivers flow to fill;

Yet never overflows its shore,
And only full, and nothing more.
Yet depth unfathomed navies hold,
As force divine new truths unfold.

March 27, 1900.

RUSTLESS TRUTH.

INSCRIBED TO SUPT. GRAM.

IS time the mother of events,
Grave circumstances noble sire?
Evolving something new each day,
Some novelty in thought inspire?
To strengthen mind, develop soul,
Exalting life in path of right,
To show the child some new-born star,
In darkness born to burning light?
How possibilities can change
The destinies of human thought,
When courage adds her sovereign force,
And principles of truth are taught.

RUSTLESS TRUTH.

You hold the key that must unlock
The treasures of the youthful mind;
You're brave and strong and true for good,
In wisdom was your place designed,—
The most important in the state.
The plastic heart and mind of youth
You stimulate for highest good,
While dealing with the "Rustless Truth."

July 30, 1902.

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID G. EVANS, PIONEER.

HE drew a string across the map,
From Alton to the Lake,
In which his judgment was correct,
Without the least mistake.
They built a railroad on that line,
Close to the farm he bought,
A thousand acres fertile land,
Who looked ahead in thought.

TO THE MEMORY OF DAVID G. EVANS, PIONEER.

Successful farmer, Christian man,
Devoted to the right,
Erected church near by a brook,
His comfort and delight
His sons and daughter, pride of life,
As age was coming on;
Whose cheerful life were years of joy,
In twilight and in dawn.
From indigence to opulence,
Like brook to river grew;
While cautious and benevolent,
Was kind as he was true.

October 5, 1902.

THE HAND EXTEND.

TO MR. P. T. PLATT, ONCE RECIPIENT OF HIS CARE.

WHEN the storm and crisis come,
We need a friend.
When the darkness hides the light,
The hand extend.

THE HAND EXTEND.

Bravest, wounded ne'er neglect
While there is breath.
Hold the light and little cup
While watching death.

Wipe the tear that shines in eyes,
Before they close.
Place a drop upon the lips
As pallor grows.

When the storm and crisis come,
We need a friend.
When the darkness hides the light,
The hand extend.

June 17, 1902.

MR. BENJAMIN H. BRAINARD.

TRUE mental energy and power
'Twas, brought him to his place;
The wheel of forces turned himself,
Let others phantoms chase.

MR. BENJAMIN H. BRAINARD.

With spirit of the pioneer,
Must thread of fortune twist;
Who bids good-night to setting sun,
When rising, sun first kissed.
The home and field his pleasure ground,
Companion, cheerful wife;
Who prospered as the rose on bush,
Whose fragrance as its life.
The world to him well ordered stage,
Each one to play his part;
With fertile mind to comprehend,
With all, a goodly heart.
He fell, as fruit in autumn, ripe,
With anch'ring faith in God;
Whose memory is fragrant still,
Though sleeping 'neath green sod.

July 24, 1902.

MEN CHANGE, BUT TRUTH, NEVER.

TO REV. FATHER T. D. KENNEDY.

A THOUSAND years or more ago,
See priests the mountains climb,
To find their grot in altitude
Where nature was sublime;
Secluded monks, of pious hearts,
Appeasing angry God,
Sought rugged path on rocky ledge—
No other path would plod.
But now the intellectual priest,
Devout as those of old,
And mingle with the moving crowd
As shepherd of his fold.

May 20, 1902.

BISHOP SPAULDING'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

STARS find their orbits when they're born,
To shed on men their light:
With cosmic force lend strength to life,
In splendor in their height.

Each planet 'neath the solar orb
Gets heat and rays from sun,
As center of the universe
Lends power to each one.

Star potency, inherent force,—
The brilliant planet most,
Yet each their purposes to fill,
Innumerable host.

Great Bishop as a Christian star,
Five decades beaming bright,
'Neath Pontiff as the solar force,
Emitting Christian light.

April 14, 1902.

REV. GEORGE W. MINIER.

BORN OCTOBER 8, 1813.

TURN back historic leaves of Illinois
When George Minier was half a decade old,
Then peeping into destiny as a boy,
Examine century he helped to mold.
In whose gray dawn, eyes opened wide to space,
As steam developed—linked to polished steel,
And robbed the honored ship of sailing grace,
To turn the screw, the spindle and the wheel.

He plowed beneath his feet the prairie rose,
Where now steel structures altitude defy,
Who saw how enterprise with science grows
When brain and muscle energy apply.
Then saw the whirling train the ox replace,
As wheels became the wings of thrilling speed,
To see the farmer ride the plow with grace,
And mount the drill that sows for harvest seed.

REV. GEORGE W. MINIER.

He saw the church and school together march
To victory of cross, and mental powers,
And helped to build triumphant union arch
That spans this proud and peaceful state of ours.
His voice was heard whose echos now we hear,
As pioneer of thought and culture then,
Whose God has decades multiplied with cheer—
Whose living words encourage honest men.

He, side by side with Lincoln firmly stood,
Who held for constitution in its peril,
Integrity of states and brotherhood,
And flag of freedom helping to unfurl.
A Christian man, the grandest name of time,
As evening planet, age augmenting light,
He grew in brightness, thought has made sublime!
Now sage and scholar, man of moral height.

June, 1901.

TO REV. THOMAS DANIEL KENNEDY, OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, ELKHART, ILLINOIS.

A YOUNG priest sat under an apple tree,
As birds were singing loud,
His brow was knitted, fixed in thought,
His mind in distance plowed.

He saw and heard all life vibrate,
From bud, to leaf and flower,
He let the seconds multiply,
Which soon became an hour.

Those moments gave to him a theme,
As clear as sunset rays;
A grand discourse thus quickly born,
A year of thought displays.

INDEPENDENCE HALL,

PHILADELPHIA.

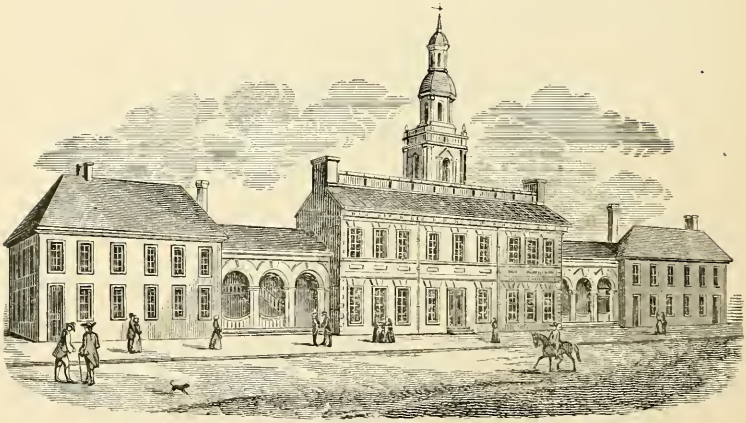
WITH head uncovered I behold
Grand Independence Hall;
See every brick in blushing red,

Hear eloquence in wall.
Time ne'er can silence brick of fame,
Stored batteries of sound,
Which hold accents of Washington,
And Franklin's verbs and nouns.
Great Hancock's words reverbrate,
And hear his gavel still,—
What forces ever shall remain,
Of heart's heroic will.
Simplicity adorns thy form,
And purity of style;
And every brick as sound as when
Selected from the pile.
Thy structure represents the men
As architects of law,
Whose declaration stands for right,
Without detected flaw.
Now fifty years ago I climbed
To where the bell once hung,
Where it declared true liberty,
And will of people rung.
Of thirteen constellated stars,
Increased to forty-eight;
Augmenting still in potency,
And others to create.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

In vaulted canopy of blue,
There's space for many more;
Which knows no limits in its bounds,
As ocean's shifting shore.
This must remain the people's shrine,
For centuries of growth;
The good and great shall still revere,
For states depend on both.
From thee I turn, no more to see,
My locks of whiteness tell,
My time has come to soon depart,
So bid thee now, farewell!

October 6, 1902.



TO SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

THE SUN MUST SET TO RISE AGAIN.

IN strength of loveliness she died,
Like iridescent glow,
When setting sun is lost in depth,
And dawn begins to show.

Yet sorrow bends the strongest form,
And with it comes the tear;
Who sees the daughter in the tomb,
For mem'ry to revere.

But in the rising beams of morn
Hope sees in glow ascend;
Refulgent light as promised bow,
Above horizon bend.

The sun that sets must rise again,
With brightness of the east;
Where crown of thorns augmented light,
And splendor has increased.

June 23, 1902.

COL. R. B. LATHAM, OF LINCOLN, ILL.

THE pioneers of prairie state
A mighty empire did create.
The native rose, sweet fragrance lent,
As iridescent o'er them bent.
From sun to sun, a vast expanse
Demanded culture, to advance:
Developed forçes for the stride,
Like winds that drive the crested tide.
The glowing sunset bade them west,
Upon the boom's developed crest.
The pulse of "OLD KENTUCKY" beat
To forward move and not retreat.
His playground was "OLD ELKHART HILL:"
And gentle blood controlled his will.
When Illinois became a state
He worked with time to make it great.
As steam and engine he espies
Upon extending rail and ties:
When distance lost her far-off dread,
Proximity new space had wed.
As empire reared her mighty throne,
To freedom rule and it alone:

As Lincoln to the front then came,
With Douglas' meteoric fame;
In Congress then McClernand fought:
What change of destiny he wrought!
Who gave the land that Congress held,
For roads that Congress soon propelled:
Advancing state beyond the rest,
The empire of a growing West.
As the compeer stood Latham, then,
A leader 'mong the greater men.
As legislator, wise and true,
And with the state the wiser grew:
In peace the advocate of right,
In war his duty called to fight;
Who led a regiment to war,
Each man a soldier to the core.
The pride of state as martial power,
To meet the foe where bullets shower.
They stood in phalanx as a wall,
To never fear a sword or ball.
When victory had peace declared,
In modesty the soldiers shared:
Returning faithful friend of peace,
To popularity increase.
Among the founders to create

COL. R.B. LATHAM, OF LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

Home institutions of the state;
He energy unselfish lent,
Who bow of circumstances bent.
In public enterprise he rose,
Whose purposes now plainly shows
The monumental good they do.
The object that he had in view
Illuminates illustrious age,
Portraying him a worthy sage.
In sunset life, beloved by all,
That every lip did then extol.
Until in ripeness, silent fell—
To bid the world a fare-thee-well.
What lovely character of time,
The highest culture made sublime:
He lived and died as pure as brave.
Served well his age, but not as slave:
But as a man the earth has blest
Videttes as angels guard his rest;
He shares with Lincoln, peace and love,
In presence of their God above.

June 16, 1902.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

TO MY FRIEND BRITTON.

THE ship that brought our Britton, hail!
We thank the winds for kissing sail;
We thank the waves for safety ride;
And thank the ocean and the tide.

Oh! mother isle, how glad we feel,
(Who gave him birth) to thee reveal
The homage still we owe to thee
For sending him across the sea.

Here stands a monument for right,
Where liberty is his delight!
Whose snowdrift locks the pride of friends,
In harmony with goodness blends.

He loves the world and all that's good,
And for the best has always stood.
Now ready for the Master's call—
Is loved by kin—revered by all.

March 17, 1902.

BRITTON'S APPROACHING DEPARTURE.

BRITTON, thou art ling'ring still—
Courage must support thy will;
Fearless, meeting changes now,
Ready at the call to bow;
Faith and hope is thy support,
Sailing for a brighter port,
Brave as Christian, dauntless, true—
Heaven opens to thy view.

Fare thee well, this is the last—
Thy ship is sailing very fast!
Calm departure without gale,
Out of sight thy ship shall sail.
Fare thee well, how long, who knows?
Every tick time shorter grows;
Closing eyes is all that's left,
Friendship stands in tears bereft.

GLADIATOR OF BAT AND BALL.

ROME'S gladiators of the blade
Attention to their muscles paid;
Who gained the favor of the king
And master of the sporting ring.

America enjoys the field,
As ball and bat new sport revealed;
The national game of strength and skill,
To turn the ball at pitcher's will.
'Tis art and science, players claim,
With special prowess leads to fame;
Clear brain and fibre first demand,
With grip and twirl in practiced hand.
Such athlete form of proper weight
Is champion of land and state;
As master of the bat and ball,
The one who ranks is Garland Stahl.

SOLARIS AND THE PRINCESS.

CREATION culminated in a bride—
In concentrated grandeur to abide;
Perfection's limit, knowledge must confess:
No line of beauty she does not possess;
Life molded in perfection has remained,
Creation stopped, finality was gained.
In cycled ages wisdom changed no line,
From God's paternal form and first design;
Commanding man and leading him at will,
Or quench his hopes, or with ambition fill.

The fertile meadow may surprise the spring,
Some wild, exotic bloom new fragrance bring;
Or rare, lone bird that crossed the billowed main,
Left golden cage glad freedom to regain:
Or theftful crow that robbed a tropic nest,
To hatch a brood of turtles, red of crest.
Be not surprised (read slow) at what may come,
The keenest hornet stings without a hum:
The story is for you to ponder—read
Without a prejudice to thought or creed.

Ancestral manhood groveled through the dark,
While law of instinct urged the dog to bark:
We, looking back see trail become a road
For cart, but bofo still unchanging toad.
The overspreading stars attracted mind,
And bard astrologer aroused mankind:
The stars conceived a Mars, and brilliant Jove,
Who chariots on blazing sunbeams drove,
The sun became the god, men worship light,—
With power to emit and to ignite.

The sun with force through space in transit swings,
While painting mountains, colors pinioned wings,
Inspiring birds to carol rapt'rous tune,
When buds of May adorn florescent June:

And lily whitens from compounded rays—
Prolific nature, tropic force displays;
And trees of altitude protect from sun,
Cool indolence and fan have favor won;
Where fountains bubble nature's living wells,
Here virgin Princess lived, tradition tells.

Her ancestry held sacred their descent,
Recorded distance into legends went:
Her being, virtue, beauty, wit and force
Refined without a fibre growing coarse.
No reddened blood polluted in her veins.
Nor foul hereditary fleck or stains;
But pure as she who came direct from God,
When feet first touched the sun's warm velvet sod,
Sun blushed, then set, to bosom not expose,
Remaining hid till morn when he arose.

This spotless virgin had parental care,
With maids of waiting, exercise and air;
Without restraint within the castle walls,
Of corridors, alcoves and pillared halls;
With decorations of invention grand—
Whose trailing silk supported at command;
She fanned the second, then in rapture sings
To oriental harp of ductile strings,

Her harp and voice for three, and they alone,
Whose notes as soft as night's lost bird in tone.

The only child that nature gave the two
Had all their love, each year more tender grew:
Her father only man her eyes had met,
Except the doctor, with a child's regret;
Her promenade the castle roof of height,
A rampart balustrade defence unite.
To plenum moon she often played and sang,
Each note as clear as human voice e'er rang;
Around her castle birds would perch and stay,
To carol mating love at break of day.

Her hours as petals dropping from the rose,
The balm of health that fragrance long bestows;
Within her castle knew no other place,
Ne'er sought a change or asked to see a face;
Harmonious nature knew no moral strife,
She only breathed the fragrant part of life:
Her corridors and rooms adorned with fruit;
The golden sandaled feet each day's pursuit,
A self-contentment made her life serene,
That which had breathed ne'er ate, to her unclean.

Slow moved her large, ethereal, azure eyes,
Perplexing orbs, the wisest might surprise,

Where innocence and mental action m t,
Once seen blush open, never shall forget.
Her accent clear yet modulated tone,
Who never knew a pain or breathed a groan;
Her bosom as the cresent time repletes,
With fretful rise and fall each breath repeats;
Her arms and hands were molded motion grace,
Then highest womanhood expressed in face.

She bathed in solar rays that sting and smart,
As penetrating every functional part;
In skylight chamber sun kissed every pore,
Revitalizing organs waste restore;
Effete destroy, augmenting fibre tone,
From derm to viscera, to brain and bone:
As orientals thought rays do exist—
So potent ovum life, could not resist;
Opinions change as ages learn of Sol,
The X-rays' powers science must extol.

No vulgar mind should read a word or line,
Who cannot love a form so near divine?
All sacred ties uniting human hearts,
The love of gender kindred tie imparts;
The cradle blooms with love as pure as tear—
Fresh dropped from mother's plenum eyes on bier.

Defer your judgment of abnormal things,
We pity tender birds with fractured wings;
Oft mysteries are solved alone by time,
While science wonders truth remains sublime.

Her femininity of nature's ills
Alarmed the Princess and with anguish fills;
The lily bloom is changed by lunar rays;
She knew not yet that laws must have their ways,
Those ills kind nature must herself adjust.
Without suspicion of augmenting bust:
Life luxuries increase the normal blood,
As tepid rain of summer, brooklet flood;
How grand the course of nature does its part,
At just the proper time the functions start.

She looked for grand event but knew not why,
She saw a star turn black in cloudless sky,
Where eagles soared in talons holding child,
And heard an owl at midnight screaming wild:
She saw the sun become a reddened ball,
And from the western brink in darkness fall;
She saw a blazing chariot cross the blue,
But heard the rattling, roaring wheels of two.
A sleepless pillow holds a restless head,
Who hears events and fears approaching tread.

She was as pure and bright as Mars' red beams,
Who told her mother of some startling dreams;
"An angel met on wings at limit shore,
Who spoke of things unknown to her before;
Such new, mysterious words not understood,
Impressions left of great, ulterior good."
Those visions Princess often had distressed,
In simple love her mother then caressed;
As overshadowed with a restless dread,
When mother found a cherub in her bed.

Delighted mother gladly took the child,
"Solaris born," she shouted, "undefiled!
Our blessed daughter has no shame to hide,
The sun has chosen her as peerless bride;
This child of light through darkness he shall see,
He'll cross the mountains while intruders flee,
He'll raise his arm but who shall put it down?
He'll change the world, and not accept a crown.".
Oft priests would ask the unbelieving foes,
"How sun can form a bud and paint a rose?"

Who can impeach the truth as Princess vows?
No fruit to taste but grew on stem or boughs;
She knew not even nature's gender laws;
Occult the facts, let science stumble, pause;

See castle wall with father, mother, maids,
Protecting from the vulgar escapades.
Her conscious innocence lends graceful charms,
With smiling cherub folded in her arms;
A loving Princess caring for the child,
Laudation cheers as fame upon her smiled.

The age was waiting destiny controlled,
His birth a mysticism, and who unfold?
The marvel of his times, of tow'ring mind—
And image of the Princess and as kind;
His energy the crowns could not withstand,
Who lived to liberate his native land.
A moral leader's goodness conquered strife,
And he first loving her protected life,
Discharged his duty as a loving one,
Of earnest character, who glory won.

The Princess and Solaris, honored, died,
Her spotless character to him a pride,
To him perfection, loved her gentle acts,
Her words were truth, the fiat of the facts.
Content and thankful, priding in their worth,
No two were happier than they on earth;
How destiny may shape the life of youth,
Beyond their own control of knowing truth,

And innocence bear burdens can't unload,
To run to goal on undulated road.

Oft mysticism hold tenacious mobile mind,
But superstition sprouts we often find,
In cultivated soil a fungus plant,
Exotic in its shape, yet may enchant.
Created mystic man transcending all,
All heights has limits and implying fall.
The more we learn the more we think we know,
While seeing crystals fall dissolving snow,
No father for the child the Princess knew,
Mysterious destiny involved the two.

Creation how sublime to contemplate—
Philosophers how anxiously they wait
On rugged steps of nature past to learn,
And not a shell or pebble would they spurn;
They gather bones and claws that tell the tale,
And paint a reptile from a fossil scale.
Great mysteries are facts not understood—
The cloud that hides the sun performing good.
Oh! child of wonder and devoted man,
Your loved existence shows design in plan.

Reading, Pa., April 24, 1898.

THE EMPTY WHITE HOUSE.

GILLETT MANSION.

GRAND, empty mansion! lonely sight;
Pale death has played its part.
The voice of master long is hushed—
Now hers of loving heart.
Ambition led the two to wealth,
Ten thousand acres claim;
With fatted herds of highest prize,
The master's highest aim.

In depth of friendless silence stands,
Once pride of busy man,
And home of fam'ly in their youth,
The stars from distance scan;
The queen of night hangs over it,
To linger in dismay;
For not a voice around it heard,
Nor living dog heard bay.

Denuded trees in sterile gloom,
And motionless as death,
Now vigil stand, vedettes of past,
No life to heave a breath;
The bustling past, forgotten pride,

And echoes hushed and still;
All destitute as pallid fate,
About historic hill.

Men stand and wonder, wordless tho',
Unlighted mansion view;
All life and happiness have fled,
As splendor then withdrew.
Let silence wonder, tongue be still,
Decay and time shall tell;
Oft folly wears the guise of right
Where wisdom ought to dwell.

December 15, 1902.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

THE granite cross upon thy steeple,
Controlled the world two thousand years;
The emblem loved by every people,
Once stained by blood and sorrow's tears.

The bell that welcomes all to service,
Within an arch of masoned stone,
Makes heart to throb when cold and nervous,
To melody of solemn tone.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

The fallen leaves of oak and willows,
 The iridescent of the fall,
Are moving as the ocean billows,
 Around thy gray and stony wall.

Each bud is withered, and each flower—
 The roses dead until the spring—
Like Christ to rise by Heaven's power,
 And vocal birds upon the wing.

The winter winds are damp and dreary,
 The threat'ning flakes within the sky.
Here rest is found to soul that's weary,
 And Jesus' love, afresh, apply.

When winter winds are 'round thee blowing,
 And drifting snow adorns thy rock,
I'll think of thee with heart aglowing,
 And goodly Dean, who feeds the flock.

November, 1897.

OLD AGE.

BRAVE is old age, that gathers its strength
Virtue had forged, extending its length,
Fibers of steel, and tempered in truth,
Functions of life perform as in youth.
Labor of years gathered from thorns,
Glittering gems that purpose adorns.
Toil what a pleasure, hope as a torch,
Destiny's flame, oft fingers may scorch,
Teaching the man the purpose of heat,
Wisdom dictates to never repeat.
Meeting each duty life must impose,
Shunning the ivy when plucking the rose,
Climbing rough decades seven or eight,
Reaching the summit—pleasure await.
Looking from height, the present survey,
Millions of younger crowding the way,
Plucking the fruit. Who planted the tree?
Crossing the bridges built by the free.
Harvesting grain where cradle we swung,
Felling the trees where hornets' nest hung.
Drinking from spring we dug with a spade,

OLD AGE.

Plowing the ground on which we have played,
Trimming the arbor, tangled the vines,
Tender the past, events still entwines.
Brave is old age! without a regret,
Working in calmness no shackles to fret.
Finishing task which destiny gave,
Looking beyond while smiling at grave.
Seeing through portals—faith is the lens,
Ether of planets confidence lends.
Billows of fear now swallowed by time,
Present and future, visions sublime.
Power that is, wears crown of true love,
Father below, Jehovah above.
Death swings the portals, silent, but wide,
Entering when mortality died.
Death has no pangs, but wooing as sleep,
Wiping the tear off those who might weep.
Happy old age! on the summit, not slope,
Ecstasy lighting tower of hope.
Sunrise of thought, expanding the soul,
Sunset of wonder, manhood extol.
Wisdom and knowledge linger about,
Budding as flowers, fresh from the sprout.
Sweet is old age! when youth was well spent,
Downed is the couch where slumbers content.

OLD AGE.

Mind and the soul, together survive,
Using the pen while fingers can drive.
Given as cloud that's laden with rain,
Gathered from ocean, mountain and plain.
January 28, 1900.

RHYTHMIC CALENDAR.

LONG January first, divides the years;
Short February second, as now appears;
Rough March third, the portals to the spring,
When warbling birds to gorgeous sunrise sing;
Glad April fourth, with healthful thunder showers,
Exalting May as fifth, the month of flowers;
Then comes the sixth, with longest days of June,
All nature vocal with hilarious tune;
The seventh, glorious natal month, July,
When cereal queen the world with grains supply;
Warm August, eighth, with every fruit that grows,
When farmers plow, and seed for harvest sows;
Then comes September, frost upon the wings,
Ninth month, when autumn winter surely brings;

October, tenth month, boreal set free,
Destroying verdure and denuding tree;
Intensifying weather, blizzards blow,
Eleventh month, November, bringing snow;
December, twelfth, closing of the year.
In ever-changing time each second's *dear.*
July 30, 1900.

EFFECTS OF STORMS.

FROM deepest depth the billows roll,
And calm of ocean breaks,
As pealing thunders of the sky
The mariner awakes.

As calm as truth, commands the ship,
No tremor in his voice.
With conscious confidence he feels,
In triumph he'll rejoice.

The raging force true valor tries,
From which the brave ne'er shrink.

EFFECTS OF STORMS.

Without a fear the hero stands
On truth's eternal brink.

No dread in right nor doubts the truth,
For valor, acts control.
The bravest heart ne'er loses beat,
When storm attacks the soul.

The ocean's clearer for the storm,
The thunders brighten blue,
So storms of life develop man,
His object to pursue.

July 26, 1901.

TO CAPTAIN FRANK FISK'S MEMORY.

HE'S wrapped in death and soldier's pall,
Who answered to the Master's call;
Heroic man inherent true,
And added luster to the blue.
With dauntless courage, modest, brave,
Defending rights of free and slave;
Who never bent to what was wrong,
Unconscious force to such belong;

TO CAPTAIN FRANK FISK'S MEMORY.

Ambition for the best his aim,
A sage in age of honest fame.

To man, as he, life has its worth,
In time fulfills his work on earth;
Obeying duty every day;
Saw roses wither and decay;
But faithful he to gravest trust,
Nor on his sword a spot of rust.
To emulate, to honor leads,
For in its purpose, truth succeeds;
As husband, father, and as man,
He gained the love, but few who can.

He lived that death no terror had,
In wooing peace his soul was glad,
Who saw beyond relief of pain,
Eternal life in change would gain;
He saw new sun of glory rise,
As tentless field now meets his eyes;
The Blue and Gray together march,
Beneath God's grand unpillared arch,
In shouts of welcome finds sweet rest,
Exchanging life, among the blest.

MR. PATRICK BRITTON,

THE KNIGHT OF THE SPADE.

THE glory of the spade was his,
Much greater then the sword;
With thoughts that reach in altitude
Where proudest eagles soared.
His peaceful avocation wrought
The changes of the soil;
Increased productiveness of land,
And crowned the man of toil.

His Irish blood, a peaceful red,
His ready wit aglow;
A moralist of highest worth,
As fountain's purest flow.
He lingers still as Christian saint,
And waiting for the call;
The righteous God shall ne'er forsake,
Death, spirit can't appall.

June 8, 1902.

JUDGE MOOS'S CHAIR.

NOW draped in black, that vacant chair;
As flooded eyes upon it stare
The strongest heart in silence throbs,
And tender love in anguish sobs.
It tells of him who occupied—
But yesterday as giant died.
Some angel's finger touched the heart,
Whose soul was waiting to depart.

There eloquence in stillness reigns,
Where sorrow lingers and remains.
Whose manhood stood for all it can,
As Judge's bench adorned as man.
Prime honor reigned in him supreme,
For justice was his highest theme;
Dividing sunbeams into rays
His highest purpose e'er displays.

Lincoln, April 12, 1900.

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